

UNCLE PAI DAY SPECIAL



UNCLE PAI'S FOLKTALE COLLECTION

The Tinkle-ACK Combo



A Note from the Editor-in-Chief of Amar Chitra Katha

REENA I. PURI



The first thing that stayed with me about Anant Pai, was his huge smile. It spread across his face, pushed up his cheeks and disappeared into his eyes which would close in innumerable crinkles!

The second was his booming voice.

"Reena!" it would echo from his cabin door, deep and loud, and I would scurry out of my chair wondering, what next!

Anant Pai — the person — I don't know much about. To me he was mentor, guide, philosopher, parent and storyteller. Miles away from my own father, he was a pillar of support and encouragement. A mentor who taught me almost everything I know about comics and a guide who helped me navigate my way through my work without once making me feel that he was holding my hand.

What connected us deeply was the love for stories. I had been a bookworm all my life, drawn to words and sentences, with an imagination which ran riot. I could disappear into imaginary worlds and stay there for hours. It just took me a few minutes to enter the world of Tinkle of which I had been made Assistant Editor. Mr Pai saw that and knew he could trust me with his magazine while he concentrated on Amar Chitra Katha.

Then, one day, he went away. It was all so sudden. I was in Agra, with a colleague, researching for a story on the Mughals. He had just had a fall. It hadn't seemed life-threatening. Yet, he just left us — without a parting word, without a goodbye.

There was a huge void but what he had left behind was so strong that I had no doubt his work would continue. To that end, I have dedicated the rest of my career.

So, this is the promise I have made to Uncle Pai. As Editor-in-Succession to him, of Amar Chitra Katha, I will source the best stories from our heritage and tell it to children so that, as he himself put it, 'they will learn about their magnificent country and grow up with a deep sense of pride and self-esteem'.

I know Uncle Pai would support me when I say that we need to be sensitive to each generation and its needs. He would like us to be free-minded, inclusive, educational and entertaining. That's what we will always be!

So here's to carrying on the legacy of Uncle Pai and being true to his vision.

A Note from the Editor-in-Chief of Tinkle

KURIAKOSE VAISIAN



Dearest Reader,

It is with a very humble heart that I am writing this short note, commemorating our beloved Uncle Pai. Growing up in a country thousands of kilometres from my hometown, the many worlds Uncle Pai built through the pages of Amar Chitra Katha and Tinkle played a huge role in informing and educating me about my motherland. From its storied history to its witty folktales to its evocative literature, it was Uncle Pai's works that instilled in me a love for stories, both imagined and real. There were many history classes that I managed to shine in through school, thanks to my memory of Amar Chitra Katha books! And when it came to sparking my imagination, Tinkle's characters were unparalleled. Be it Suppandi's literal-mindedness, Shambu's bumbling good luck, Kalia's heroics, Hodja's quick wit, or even Tantri's numerous attempts at stealing the Hujli crown, I was thoroughly entertained and inspired. Even when it came to current affairs or STEM subjects, Uncle Pai's creations were always there to guide me, in the form of Tinkle Tells You Why and Anu Club! Uncle Pai was truly a legend in more ways than one. He was the definition of visionary, foreseeing the educational potential of an engaging medium that had just about reared its head in our side of the world, long before the advent of the superhero movie and the billion dollar industry that comic books and comic characters are today. I have always wondered what Uncle Pai would say about the evolution of Tinkle's American counterparts like Marvel and DC and the pop culture behemoths they have become. From the little that I know about him, I'm sure he would be very excited, especially given the potential that Amar Chitra Katha and Tinkle have to follow suit. After all, we have a ready treasure trove of stories waiting to be brought to the next generation. And all said and done, Uncle Pai would have never shied away from experimenting with all the different mediums available to us today!

So here's to you, Uncle Pai, for becoming the nation's storyteller to nations across the world, and doing it with enviable elan and panache. The folktales within this collection were handpicked by him and appeared across Tinkle and Amar Chitra Katha. Given his penchant for teaching life lessons through the simplest of stories, I like to think folktales were his favorite kind of story! Happy birthday, Uncle Pai! And happy journeys to you, dear reader!

Your friend forever,
Achachan



The route to your roots

Founder Editor: Anant Pai

When they look back at their formative years, many Indians nostalgically recall the vital part Amar Chitra Katha comics have played in their lives. It was **Amar Chitra Katha** that first gave them a glimpse of their glorious heritage.

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AMAR CHITRA KATHA PVT LTD

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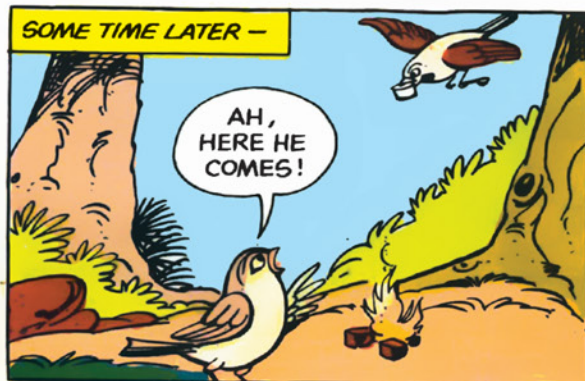
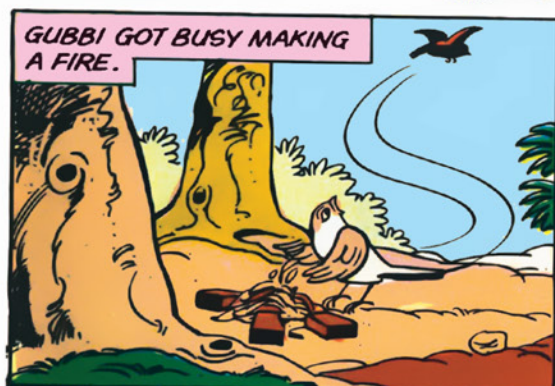
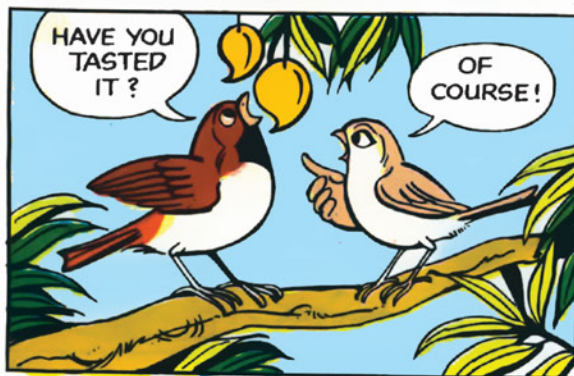
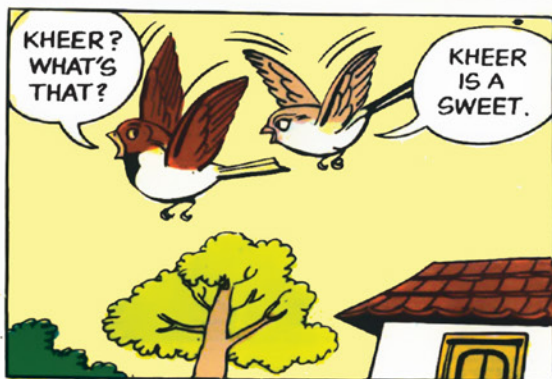
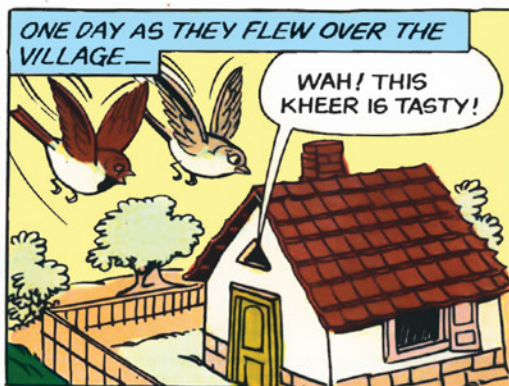
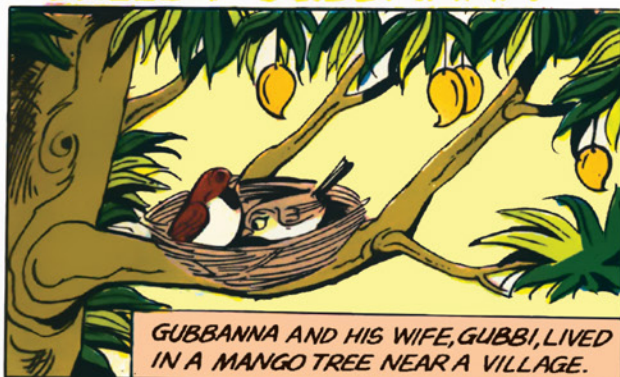


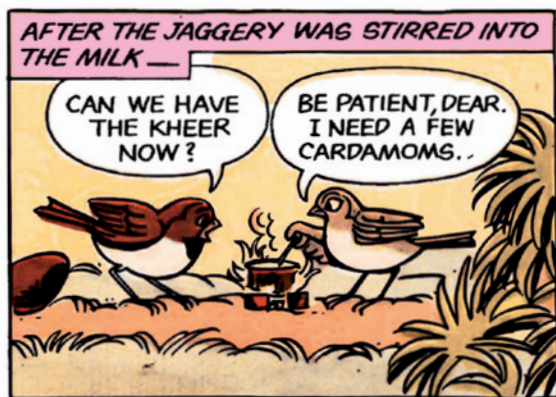
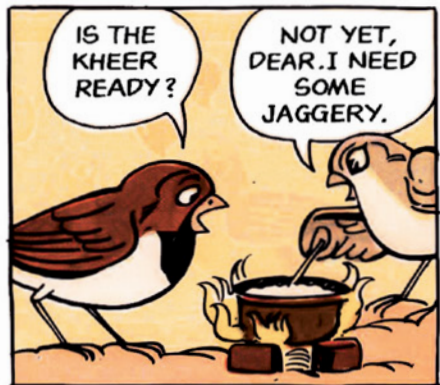
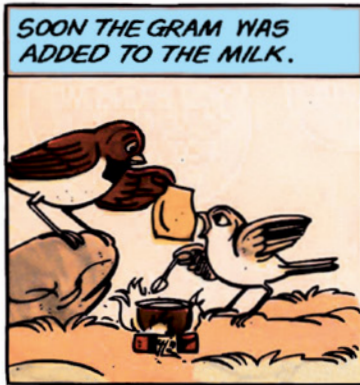
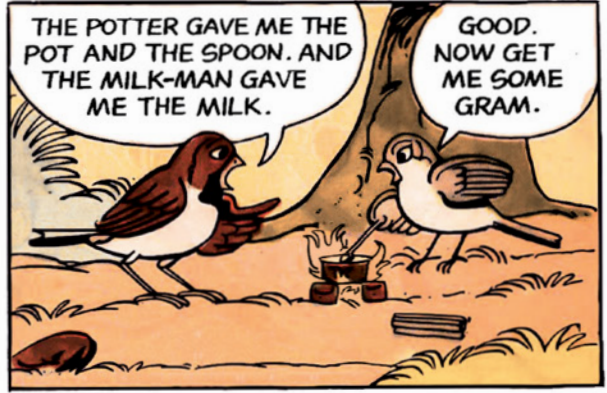
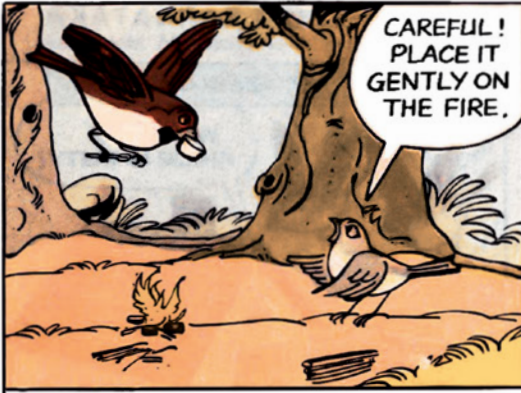
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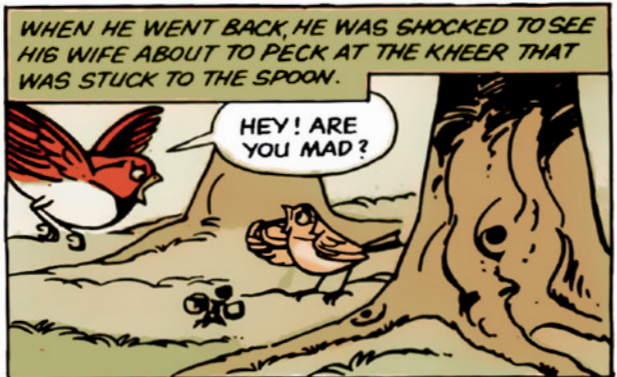
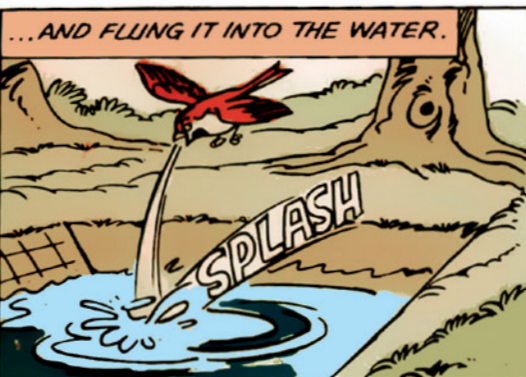
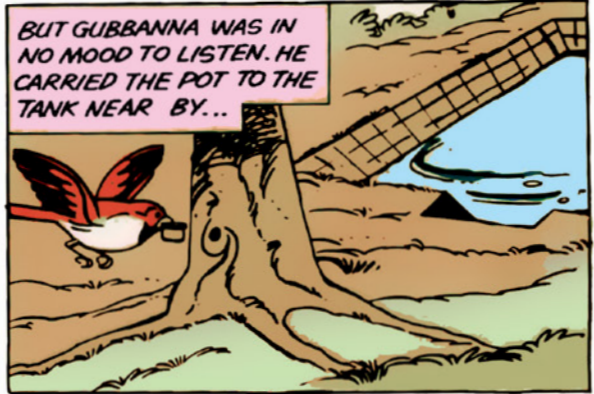
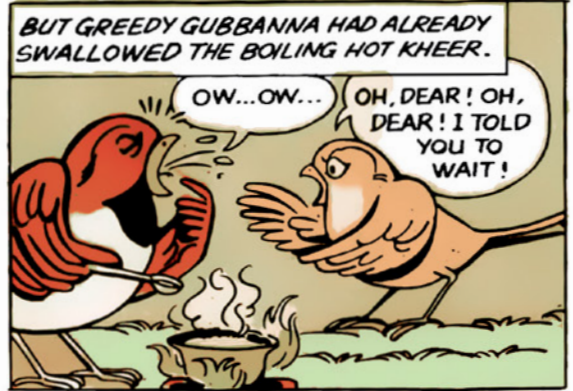
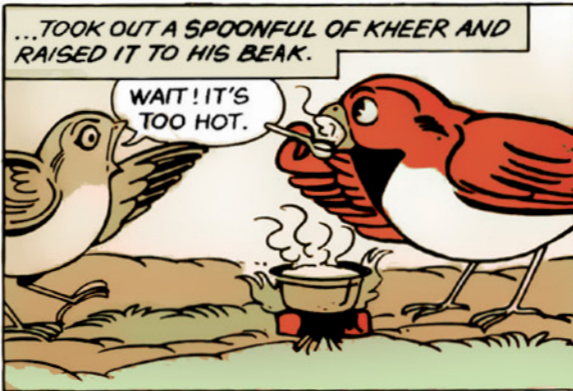
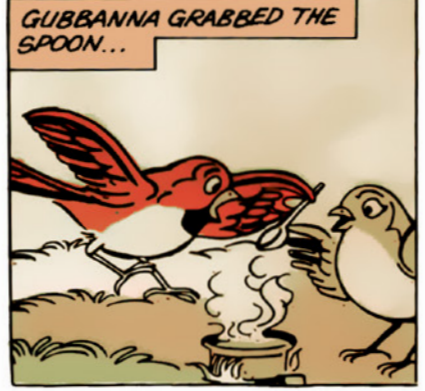
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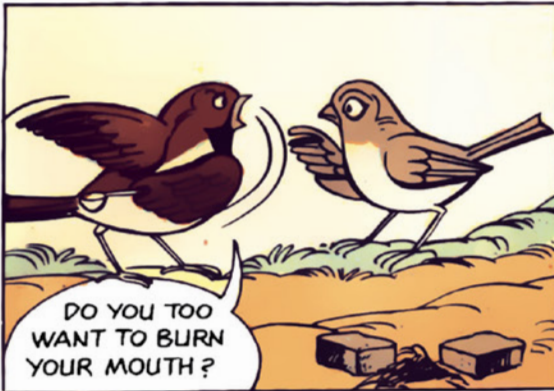
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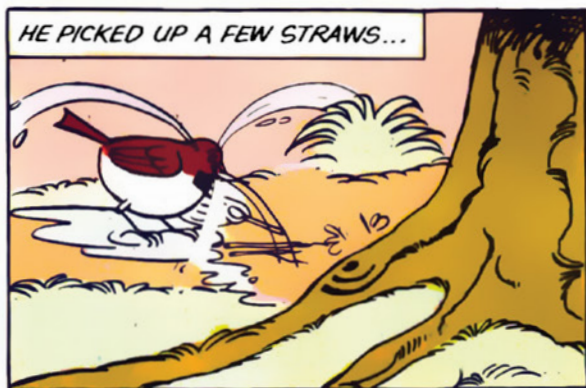
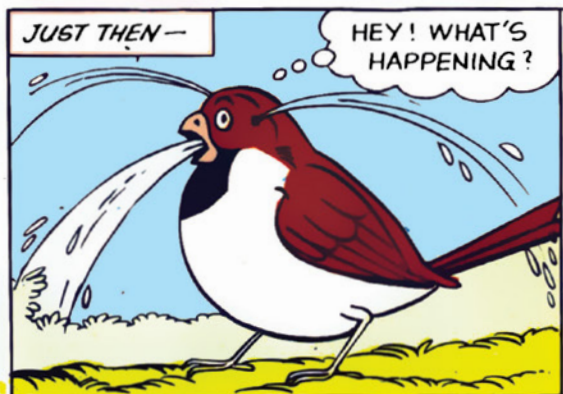
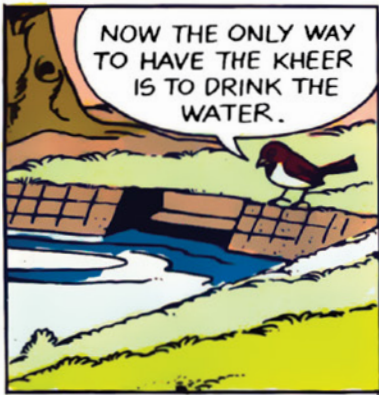
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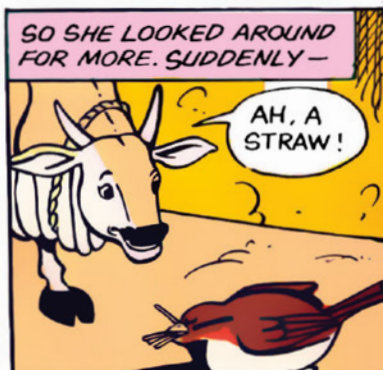
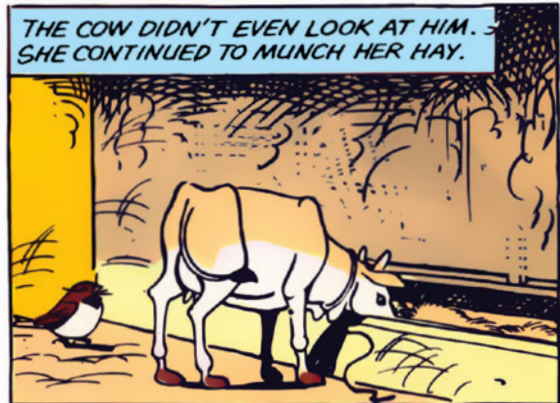
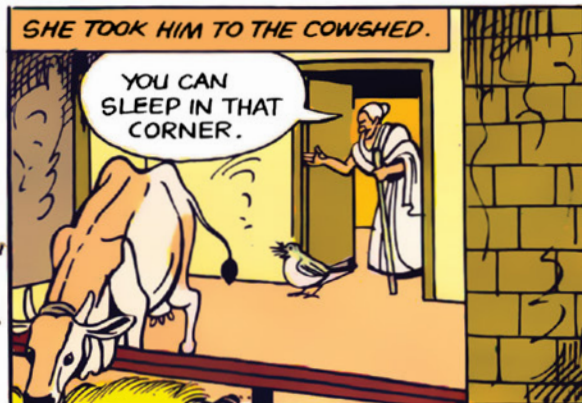
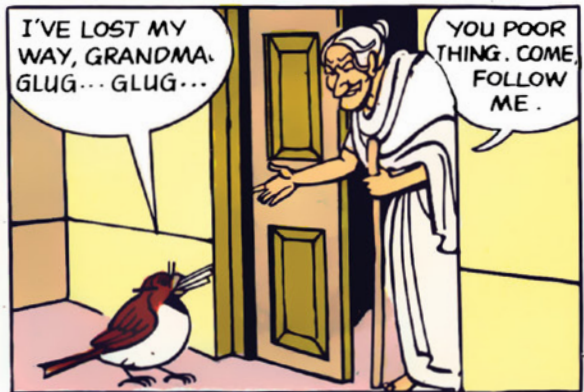
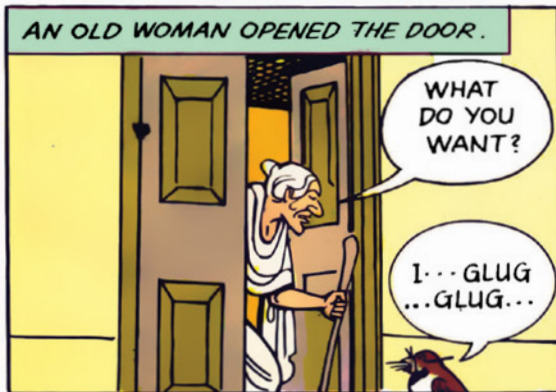
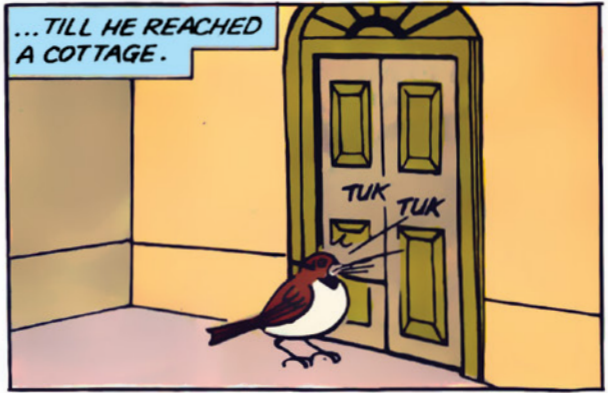
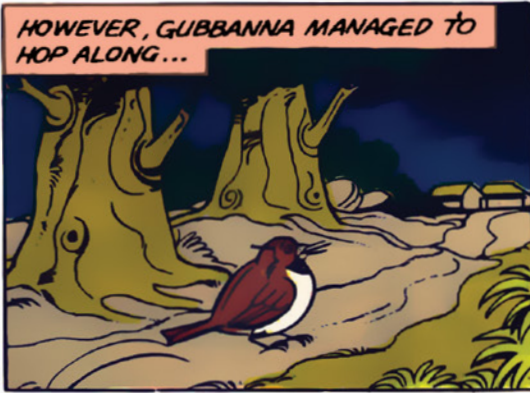


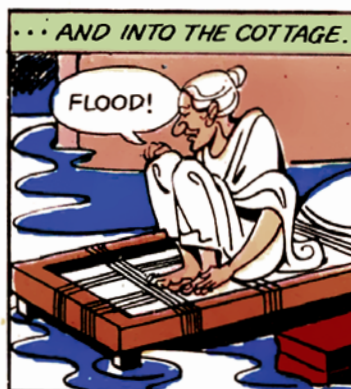
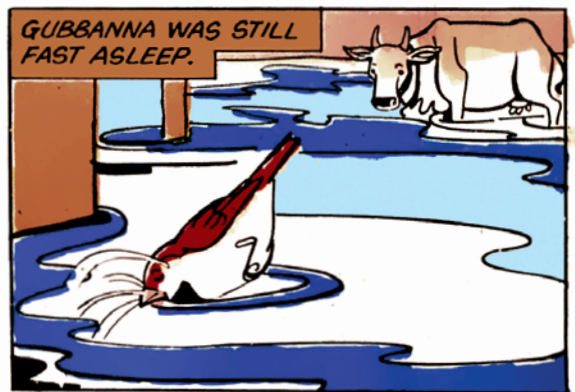
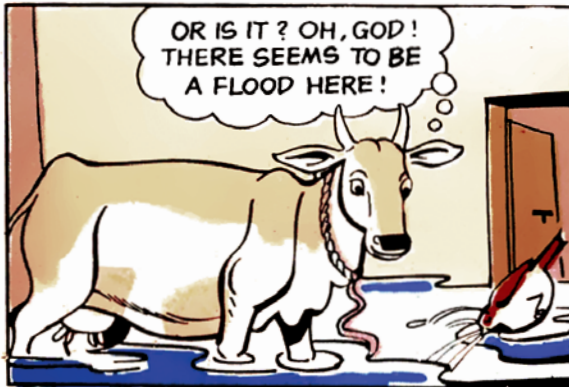


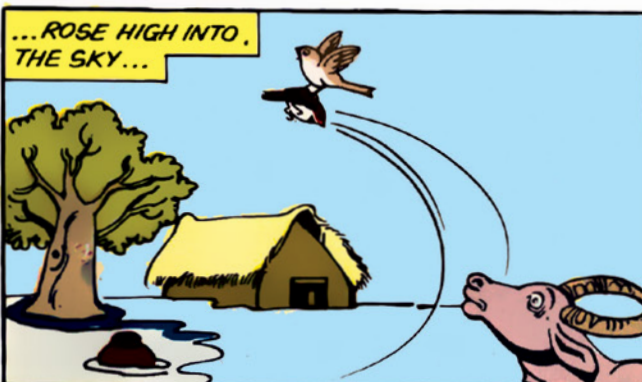
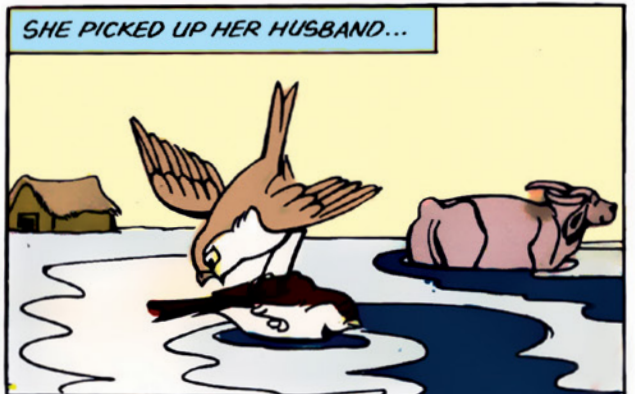
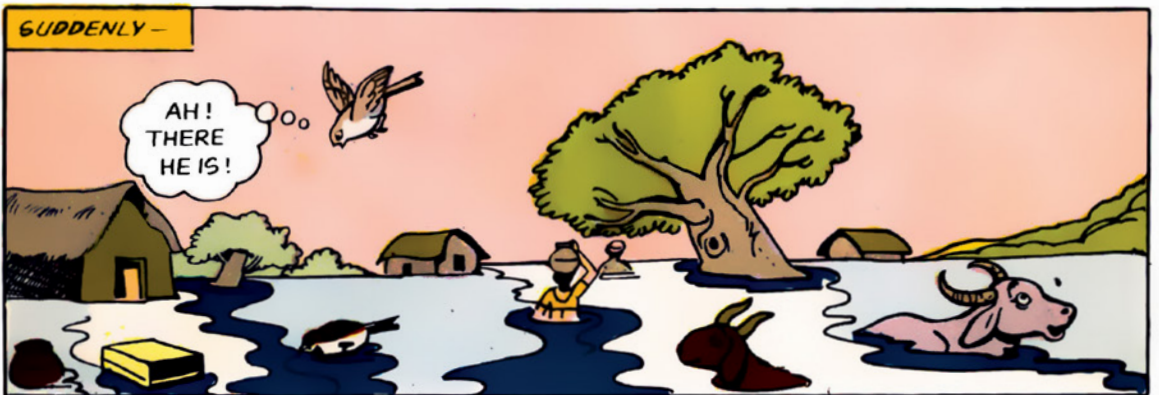
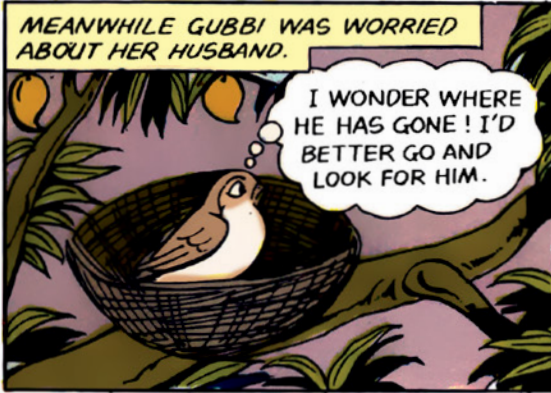


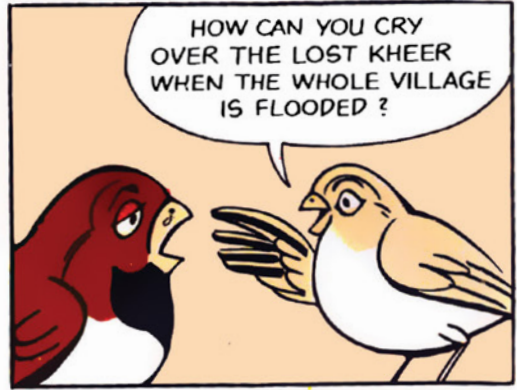
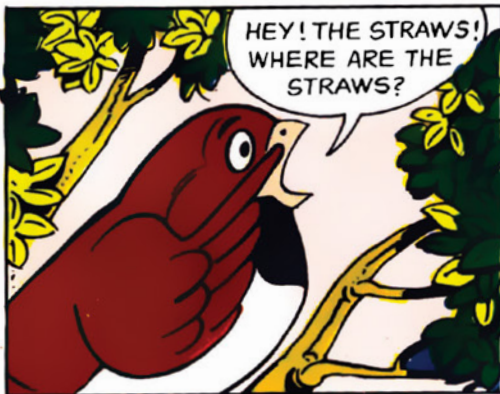
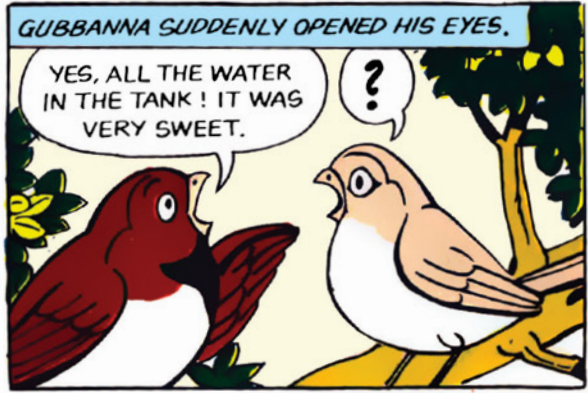
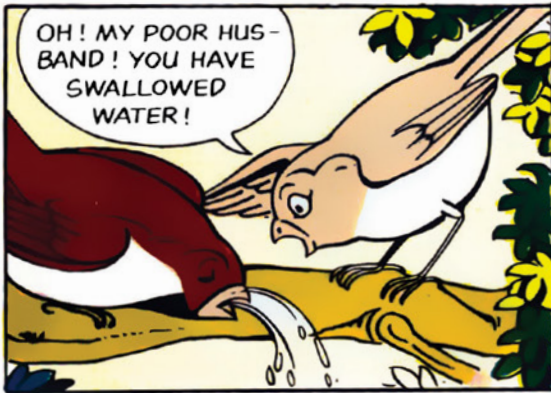












THE DEMON WHO CAME TO WORK

— A SOUTH INDIAN FOLKTALE

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN WHO OWNED SEVERAL ACRES OF LAND. ONE DAY A SANYASI CAME TO HIS HOUSE.

DOES ALL THAT LAND BELONG TO YOU?

IT DOES, BUT WHAT'S THE USE?

I CANNOT CULTIVATE ALL OF IT MYSELF.

WHY DON'T YOU HIRE SOME LABOURERS?

LABOURERS! LABOURERS ASK FOR TOO MUCH MONEY!

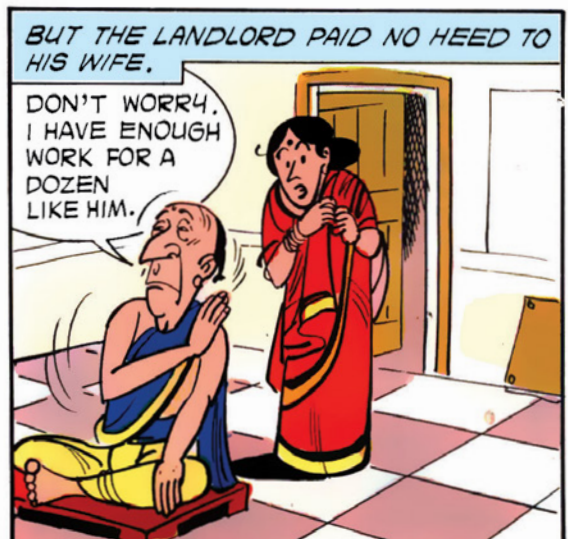
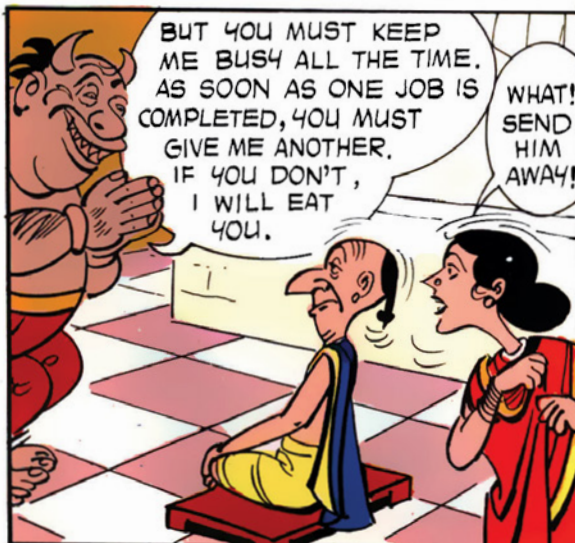
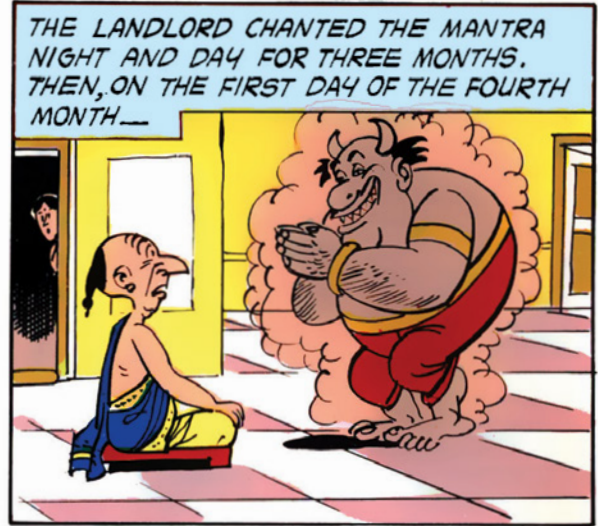
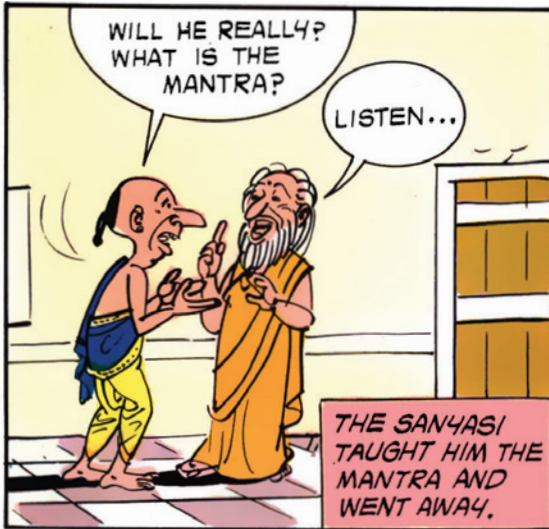
GONE ARE THE DAYS WHEN A LABOURER WAS SATISFIED WITH A HANDFUL OF RICE.

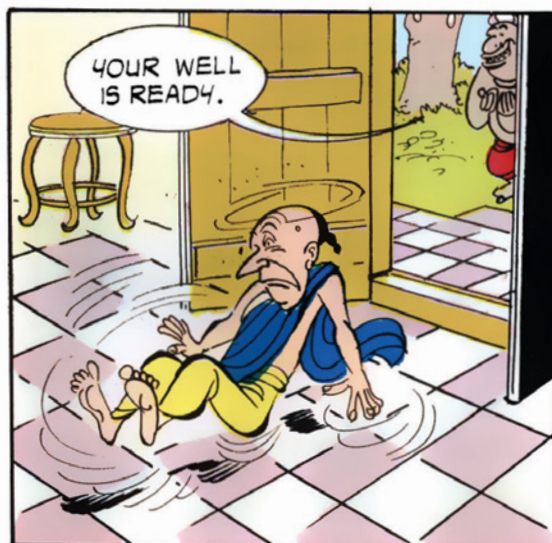
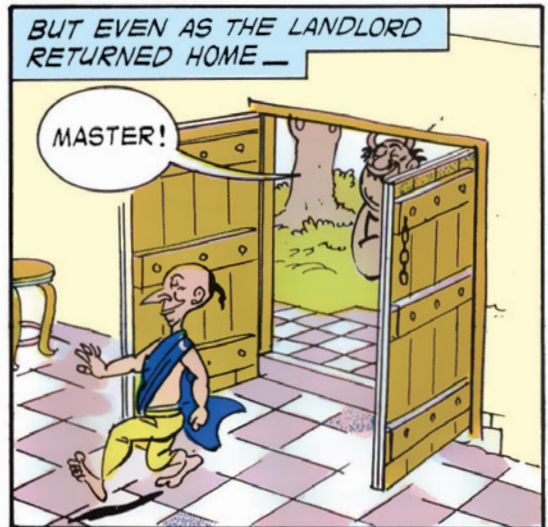
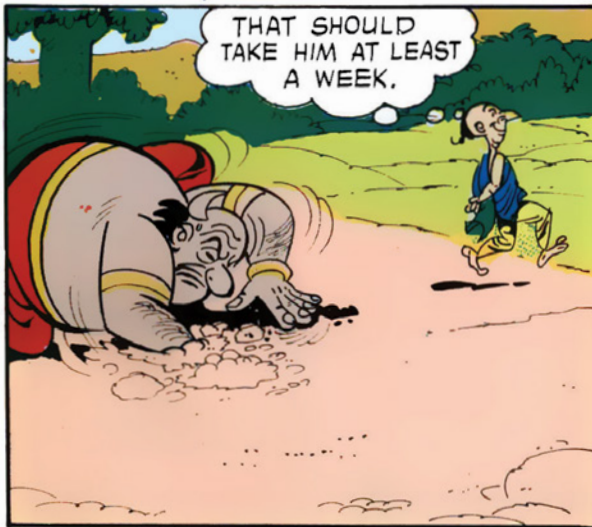
WHAT YOU NEED IS SOMEONE WHO'LL WORK FOR YOU FREE. I THINK I CAN HELP YOU.

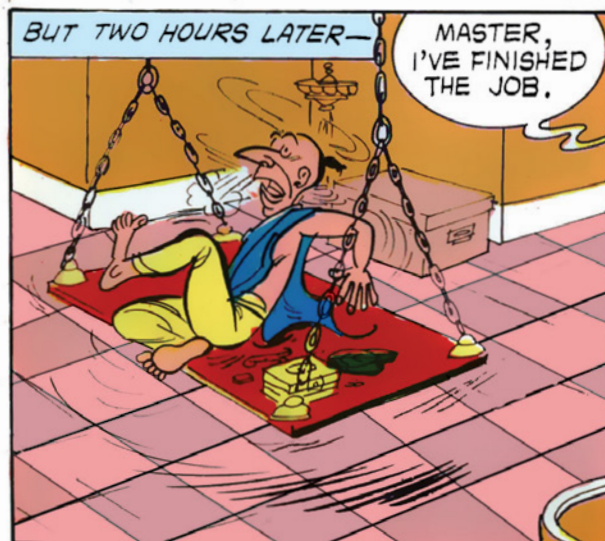
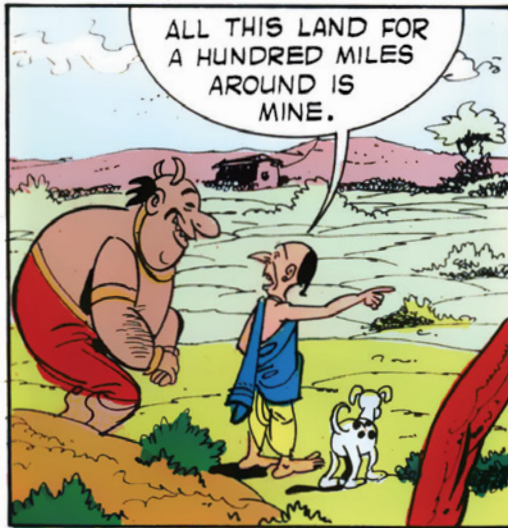
I SHALL TEACH YOU A MANTRA. CHANT IT NIGHT AND DAY FOR THREE MONTHS...

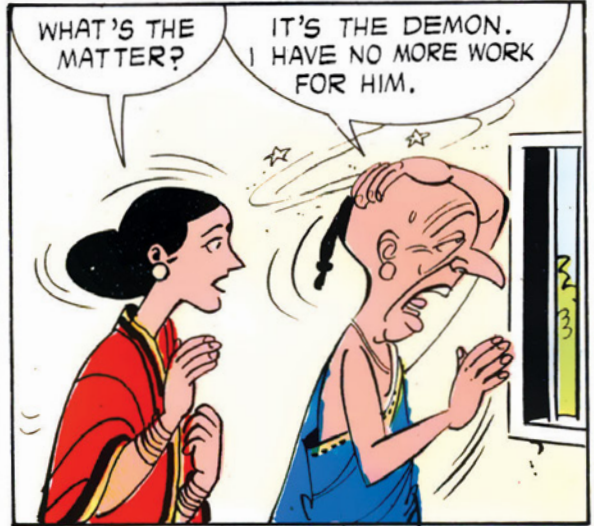
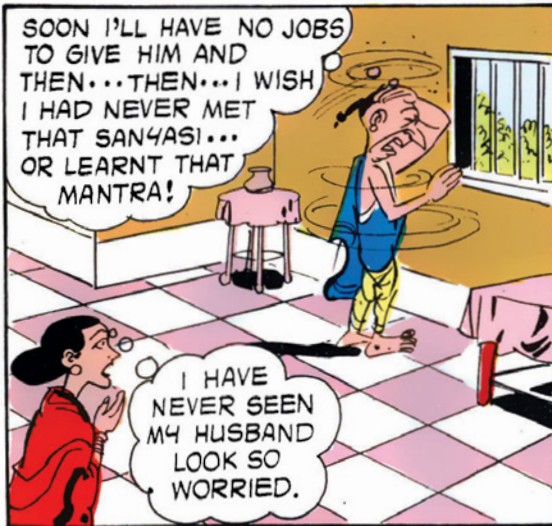
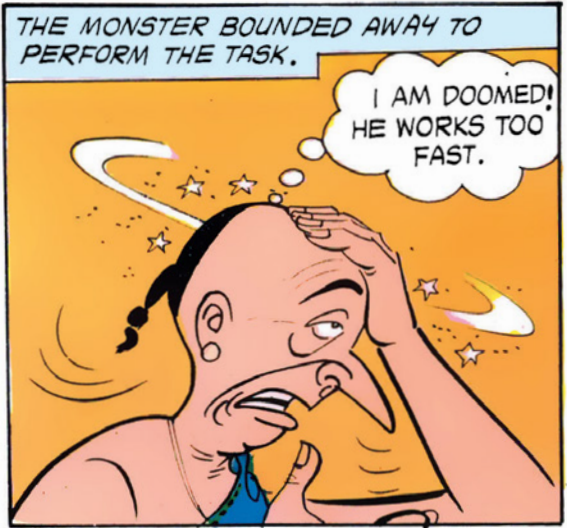
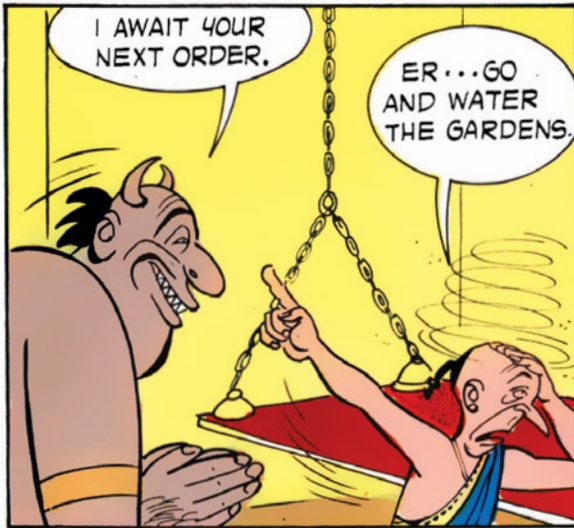
AND THEN?

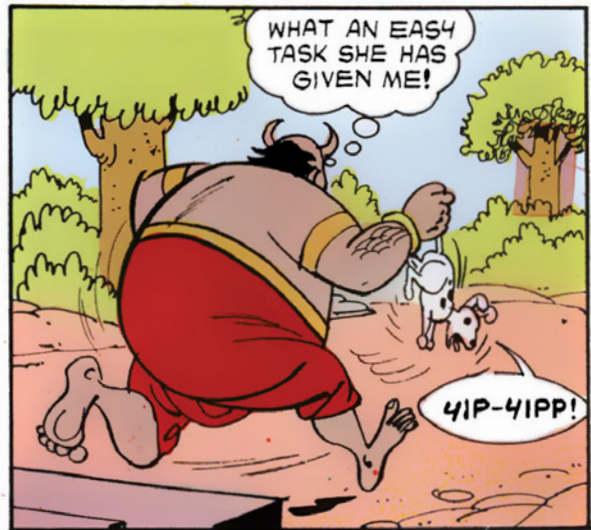
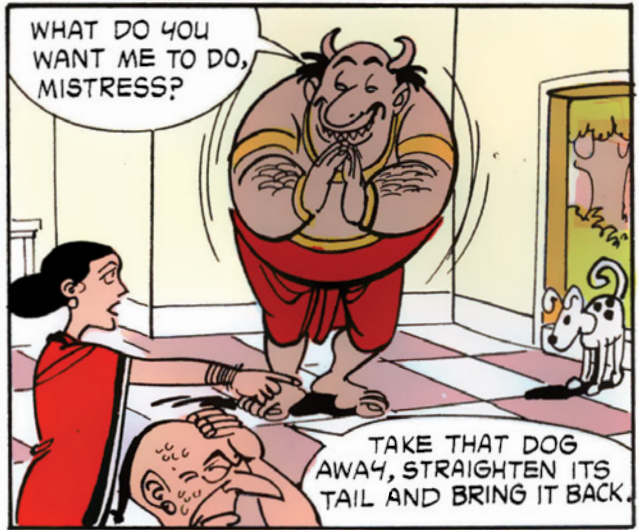
A DEMON WILL APPEAR. HE CAN DO THE WORK OF A HUNDRED SERVANTS. HE WILL DO WHATEVER YOU TELL HIM TO DO.

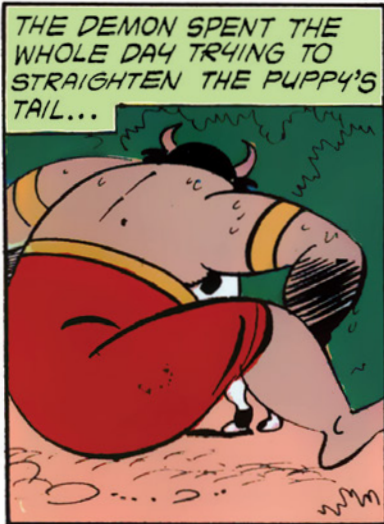
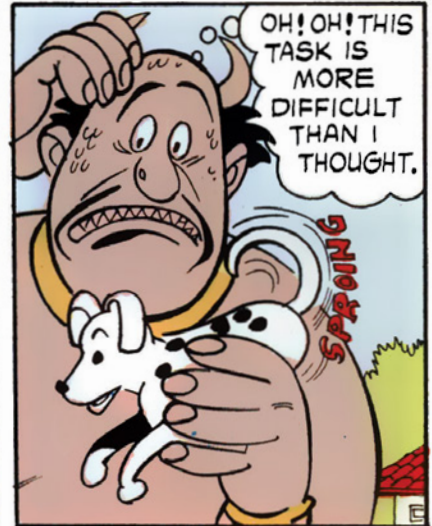












THE TREASURE HUNT

—a folktale
from Punjab

THERE WAS ONCE A POOR COUPLE IN A VILLAGE.

WE WORK SO HARD, YET WE CAN BARELY FEED OURSELVES.



WE MUST MAKE MORE MONEY SOMEHOW.

HOW?



WHY DON'T YOU GROW SOME RICE IN THAT PATCH OF LAND WE HAVE IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE?



DO YOU THINK IT IS EASY TO GROW RICE?

YOU HAVE TO PLOUGH THE LAND BEFORE YOU SOW THE PADDY...



...AND YOU NEED BULLOCKS FOR THAT. WHERE AM I TO GET BULLOCKS FROM?

HE GIVES UP TOO EASILY.



THE NEXT MORNING—

I HAVE A PLAN. COME WITH ME.

WHERE?



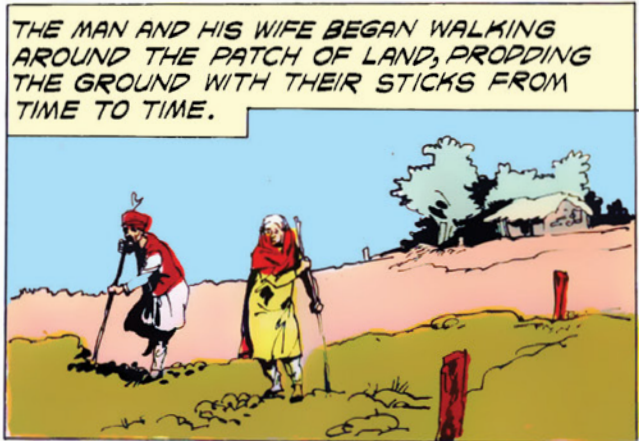
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WE COULD GROW SO MUCH RICE HERE!

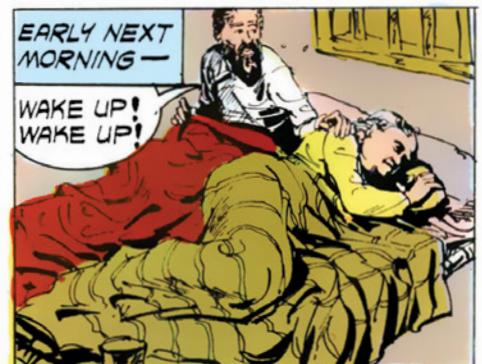
THERE YOU GO AGAIN!

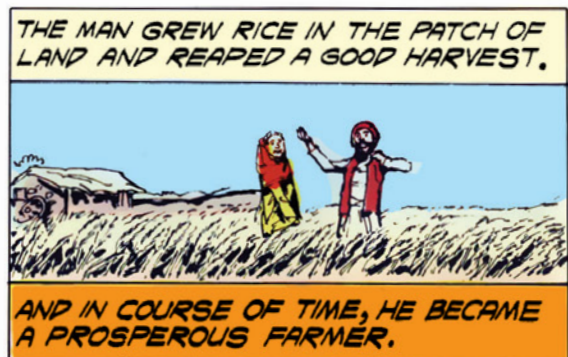
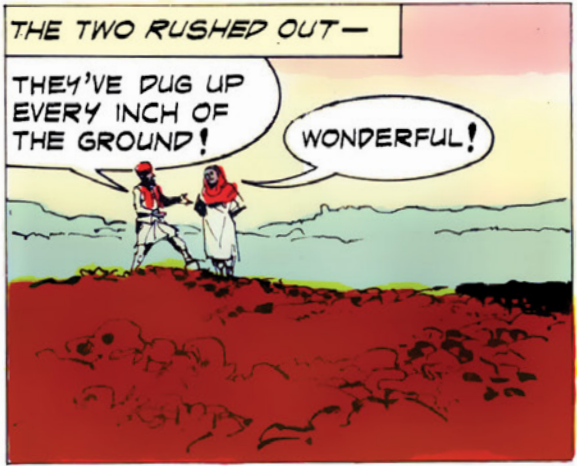




THE MAN KEPT GRUMBLING BUT HIS WIFE WOULD NOT LET HIM STOP. TOWARDS EVENING —







THE LUNKA LUNDER TREE

Based on a folktale of the Oraon people of Jharkhand

LONG LONG AGO, THERE WERE THREE BROTHERS AND ONE SISTER WHO LIVED WITH THEIR MOTHER.

DAUGHTER, WASH YOUR BROTHERS' FEET AND HANDS AND OIL THEIR HAIR. THEN FEED THEM WELL FOR THEY ARE GOING ON A HUNT.



THE BROTHERS LOVED THEIR LITTLE SISTER. WHAT SHOULD WE BRING FOR YOU, SISTER?



THE PRETTIEST FLOWER THAT YOU FIND IN THE FOREST.

THE SISTER LOVED FLOWERS, ESPECIALLY THE SWEET-SMELLING ONES.

ONE DAY—

LOOK! A LUNKA LUNDER TREE!

IT HAS THE MOST FRAGRANT BLOSSOMS OF ALL.

LET'S REST UNDER IT.



THE BROTHERS RELAXED UNDER THE BEAUTIFUL TREE WHICH DROPPED FLOWERS ON THEM.

WE MUST NOT LET OUR SISTER KNOW ABOUT THIS TREE OR SHE'LL WANT TO COME HERE EVERYDAY.

YES, WE CANNOT COME SO FAR EVERY DAY.

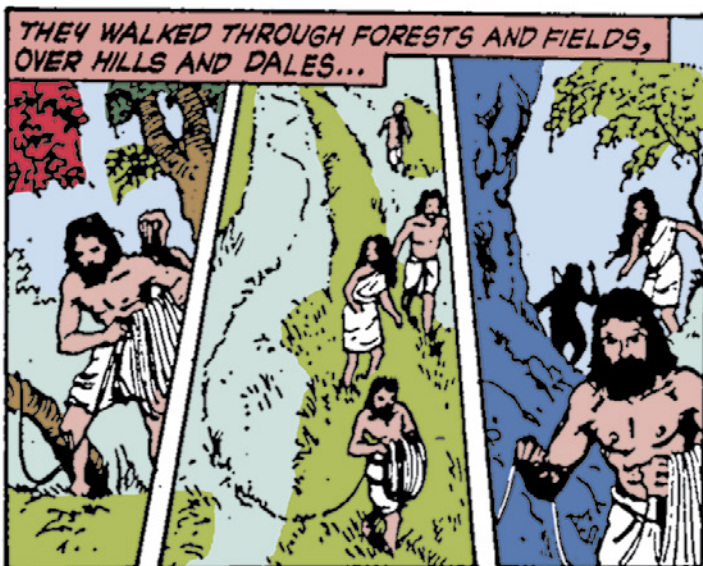


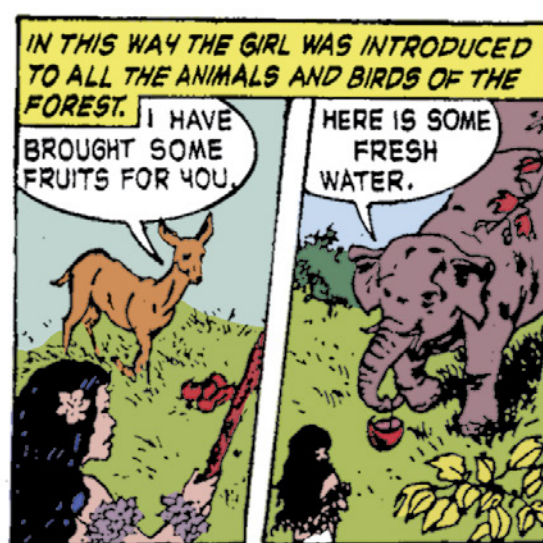
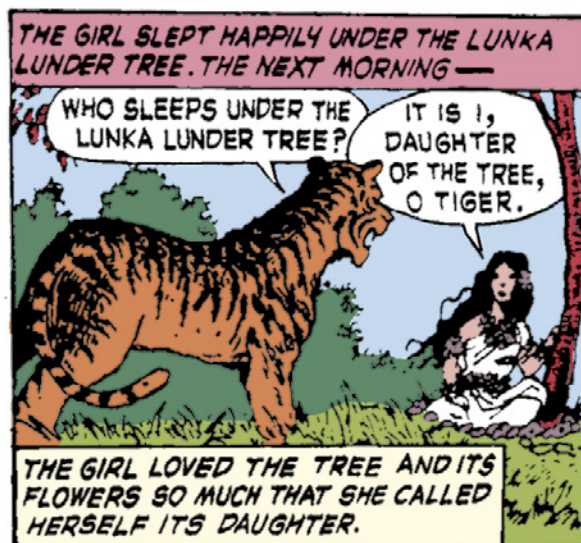
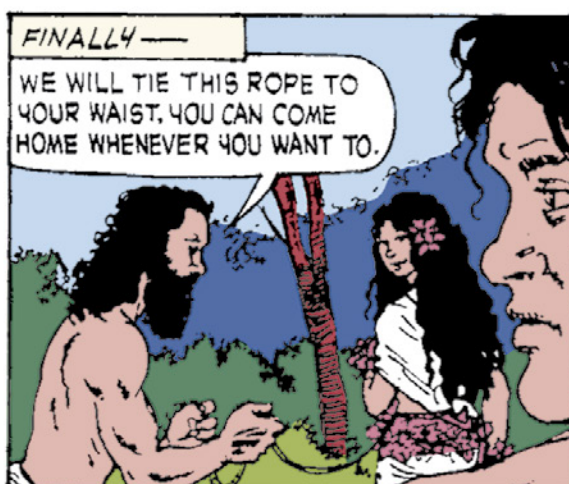
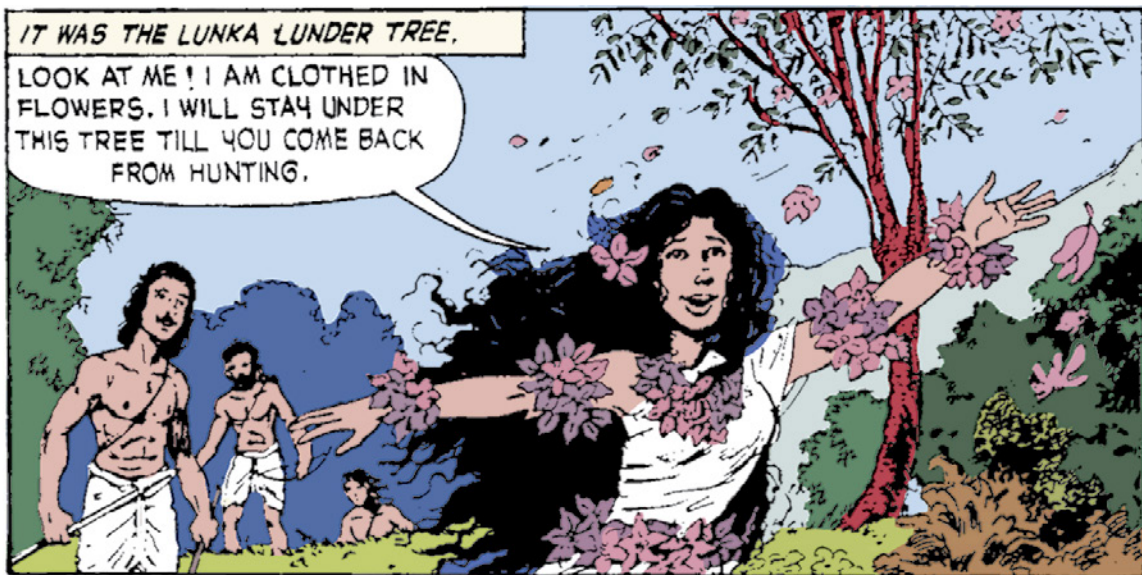
BUT WHILE THE SISTER WAS OILING AND COMBING THEIR HAIR THAT EVENING—

WHAT A LOVELY PETAL! BROTHER, YOU MUST TAKE ME TO THIS TREE.

IT IS TOO FAR AWAY. WE'LL GET YOU THE FLOWERS IF WE GO THERE AGAIN.







THE GIRL LIVED UNDER THE TREE FOR A LONG TIME. ONE DAY A PRINCE, WHO WAS ON A HUNT, CAME THERE.

PLEASE HIDE ME, SISTER.

HIDE ME TOO.

THERE'S A HUNTSMAN AFTER US.



AS THE PRINCE LIFTED HIS BOW TO SHOOT.

AH ME! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

THESE ARE MY FRIENDS WHO COME TO EAT THE FRUIT OF THIS TREE. WHO COMES TO KILL THEM?



AND WHO ARE YOU?

I AM THE DAUGHTER OF THE LUNKA LUNDER TREE.

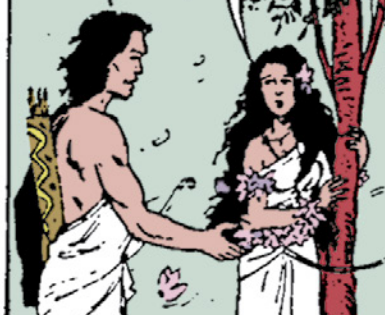


AND I AM THE PRINCE OF THIS LAND...

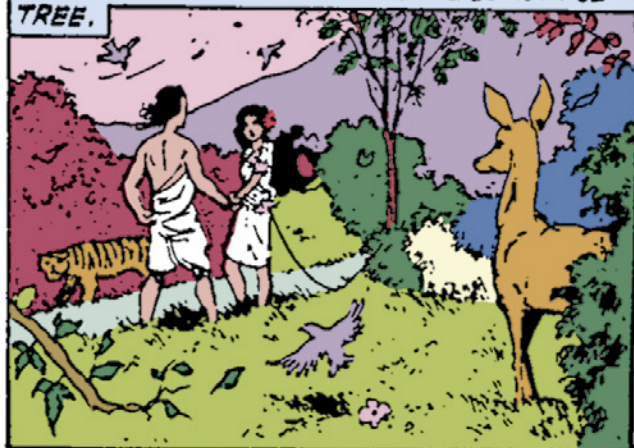


... WILL YOU MARRY ME?

ONLY IF YOU PROMISE TO STAY WITH ME UNDER THIS TREE.



THE PRINCE AGREED. THE TWO GOT MARRIED AND BEGAN TO LIVE HAPPILY UNDER THE BEAUTIFUL TREE.

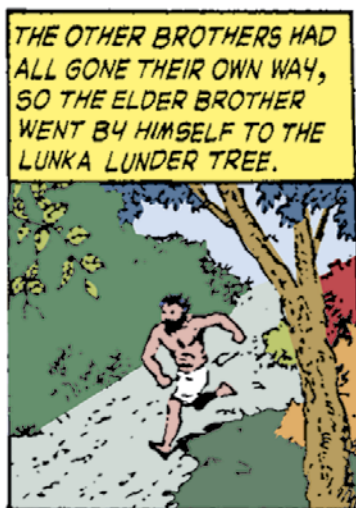
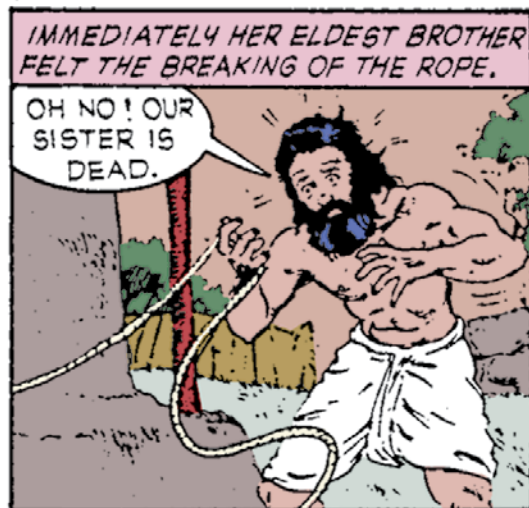
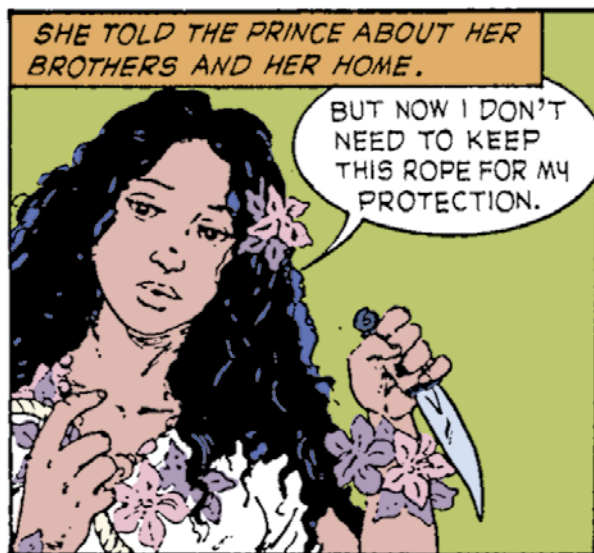


THEN ONE DAY—

WHY DO YOU HAVE A ROPE TIED AROUND YOUR WAIST?

AH, THIS IS TO LET MY BROTHERS KNOW THAT I AM SAFE.





CHANDRALEKHA

Adapted from a popular
folktale from Tamil Nadu

ONE EVENING CHANDRALEKHA,
THE FAMOUS DANCER, LOST
HER WAY IN THE WOODS.



IT'S GETTING
DARKER.



MUCH LATER—

OH, WHAT
AM I TO DO
NOW?



SUDDENLY—

VOICES!



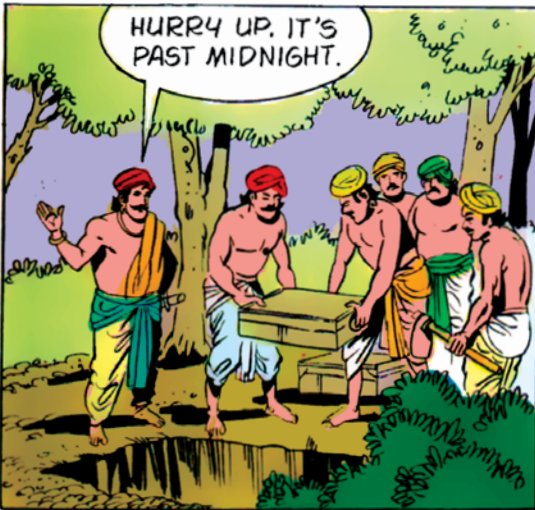
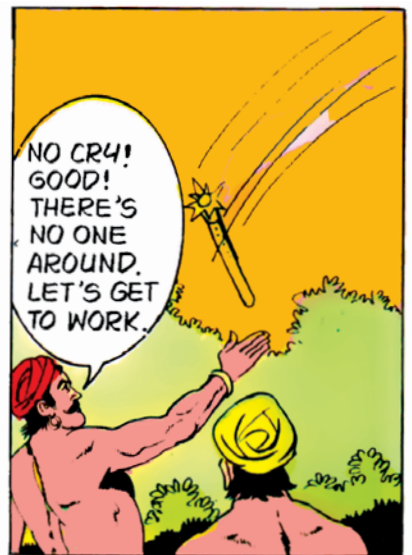
GOOD LORD!
ROBBERS!

AH! THAT
WAS A GOOD
DAY'S
WORK!

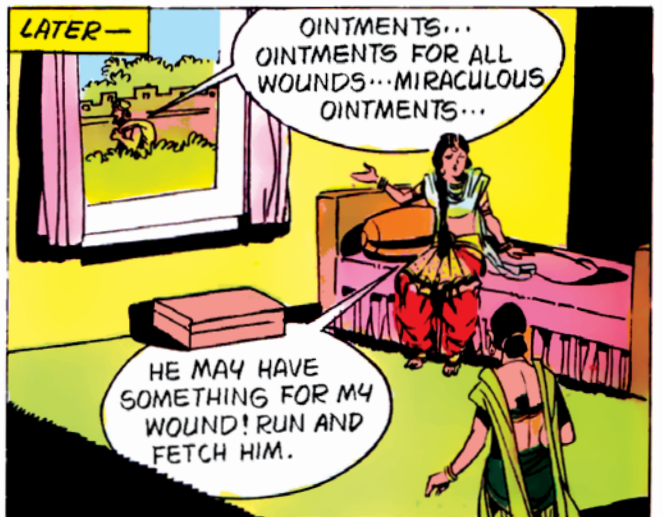
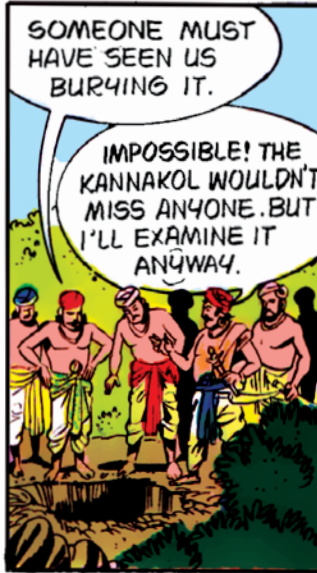


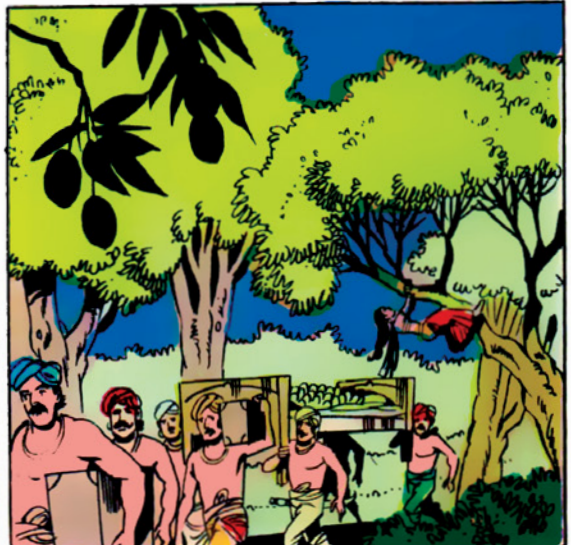
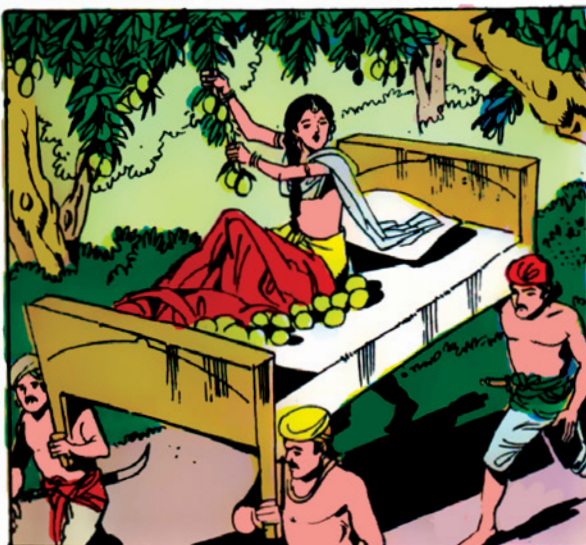
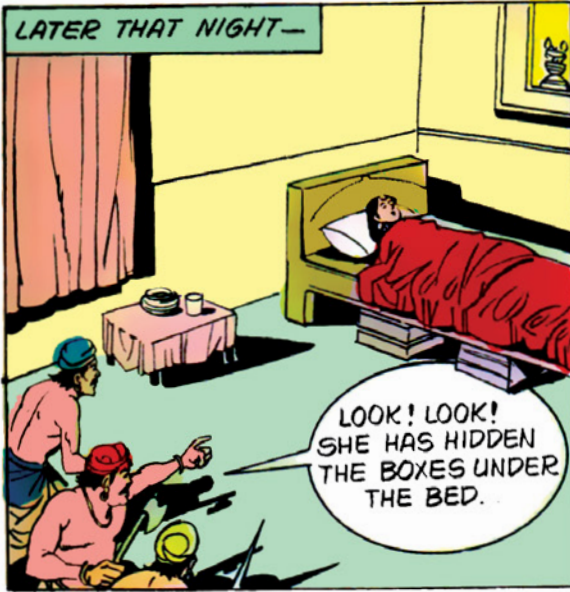
LET'S HIDE OUR
LOOT HERE, BUT
BEFORE WE
DO...

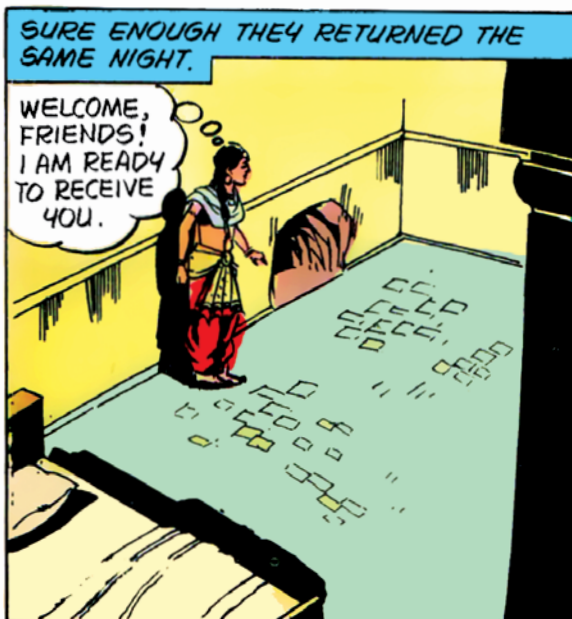
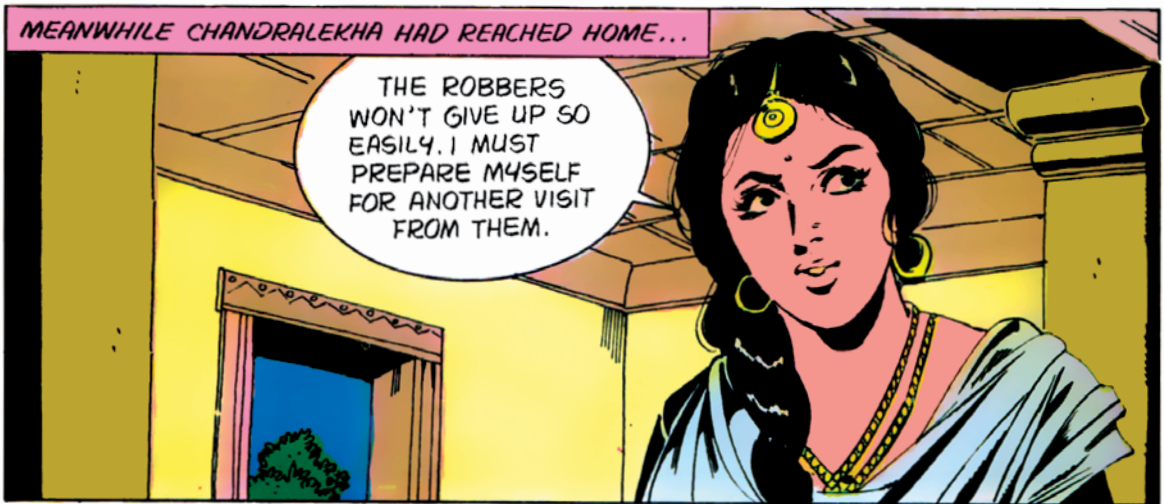
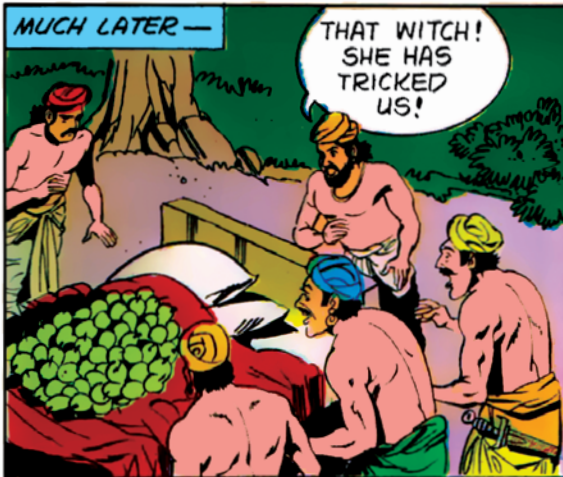


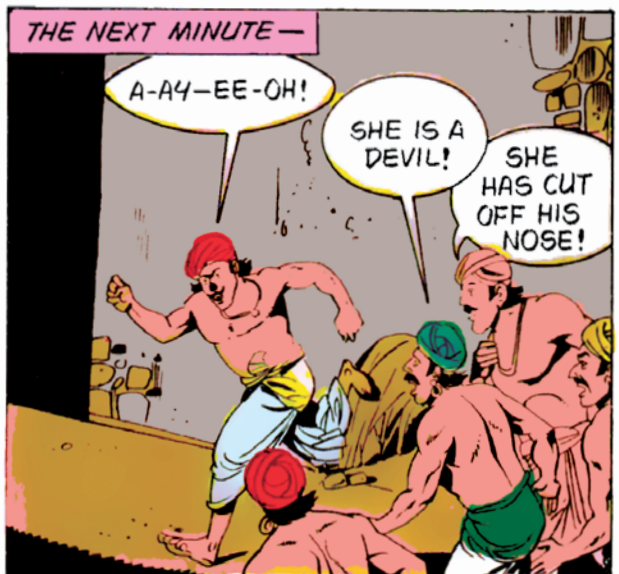


* IT IS SAID THAT A KANNAKOL OBEYS ITS MASTER'S ORDERS.









THE TIGER'S TAIL

An Assamese Folktale

ONE EVENING A THIEF WAS ON THE PROWL.



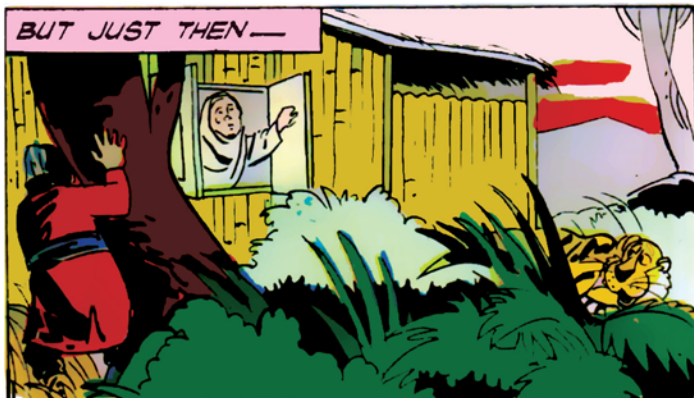
A TIGER HAD ALSO COME TO THE VILLAGE...



... AND HE TOO SAW THE COWS. HE BEGAN TO CREEP TOWARDS THE SHED.



BUT JUST THEN —



IT'S BECOME SO DARK.

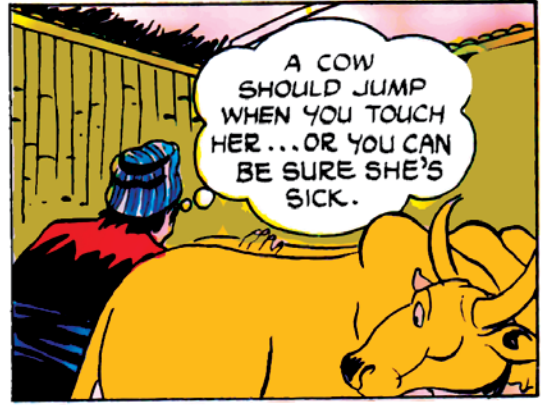
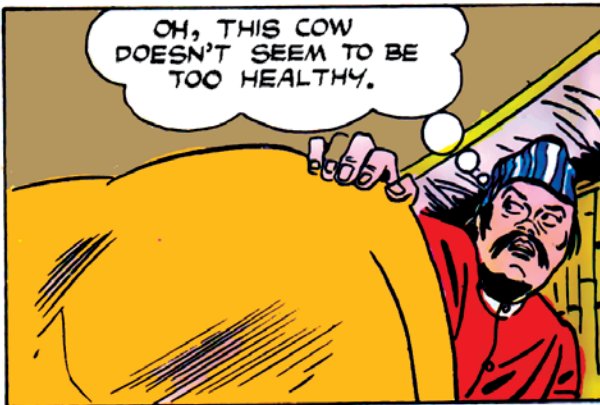
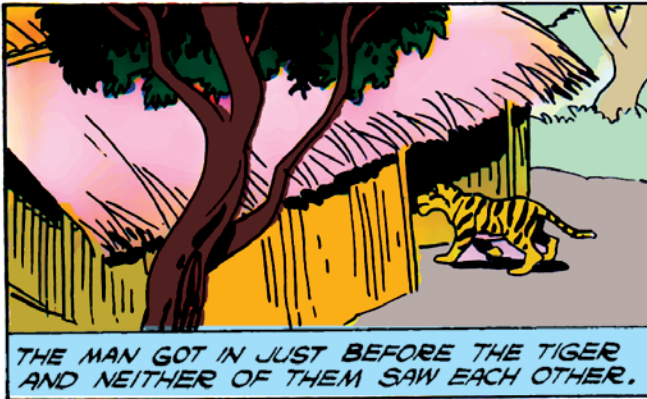


I HOPE THE LONG-LEGGED ONES DON'T COME DOWN TONIGHT.



ANYWAY, AS SOON AS THE WOMAN CLOSED THE WINDOW, THE TWO INTRUDERS RUSHED TOWARDS THE SHED.



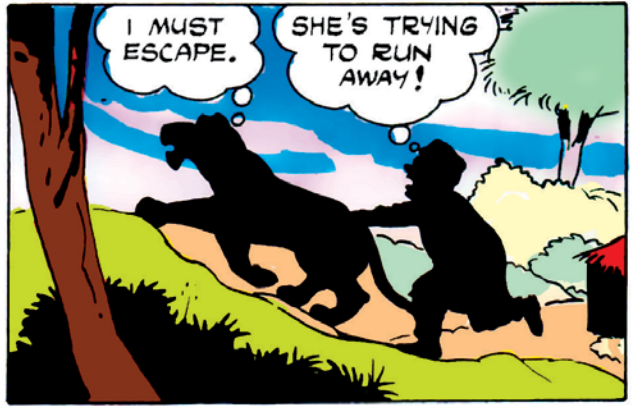


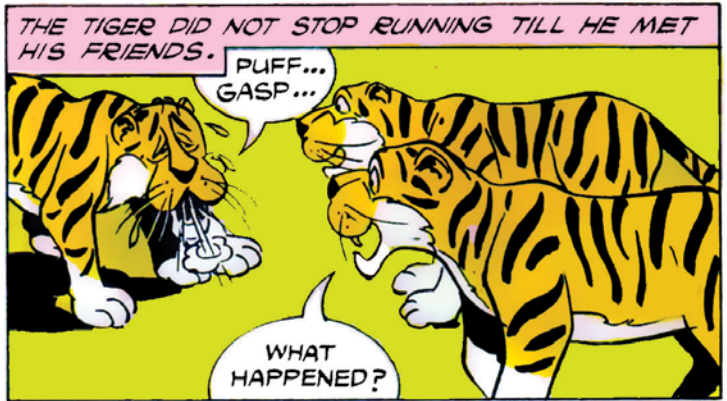
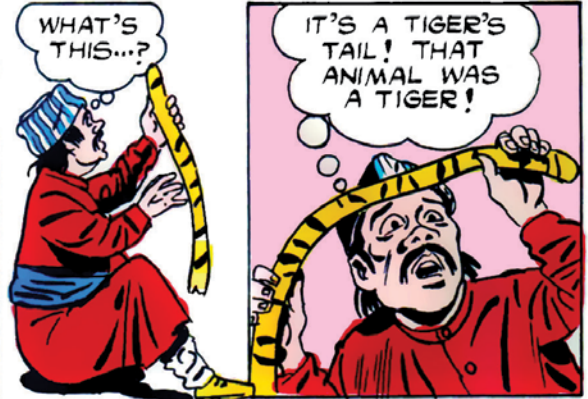
AS THE THIEF WENT ROUND TOUCHING EACH COW...



...THE TIGER WAS HOVERING FEARFULLY NEAR THE DOOR.









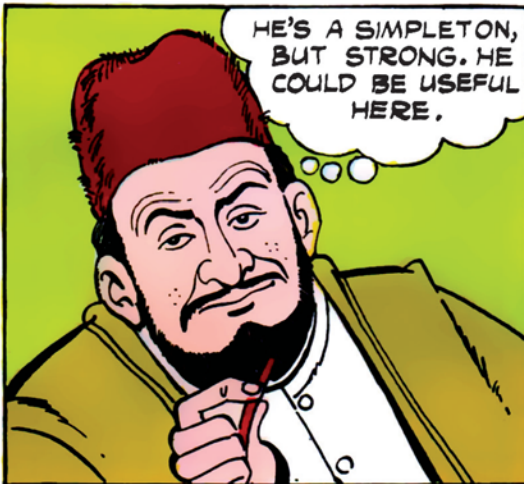




OH AND EH!

A folktale from Kashmir

ONE DAY A PEASANT NAMED AZIZ CAME TO THE HOUSE OF THE KHWAJA SAHIB.

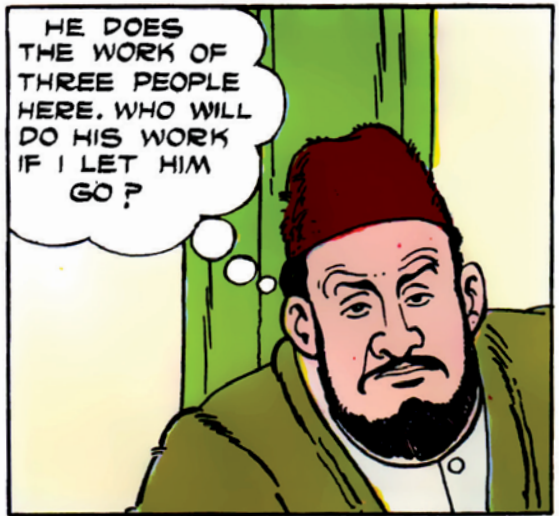


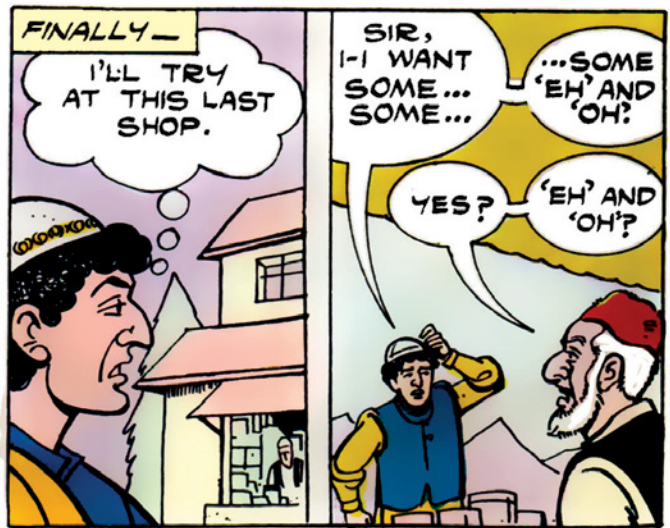
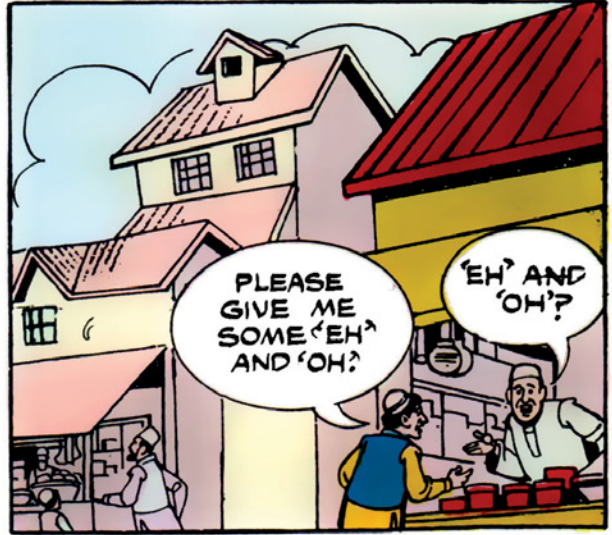
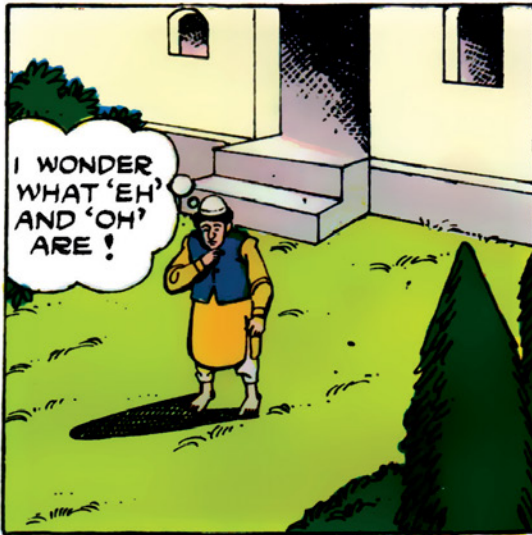
SO AZIZ STARTED WORKING FOR THE KHWAJA SAHIB.

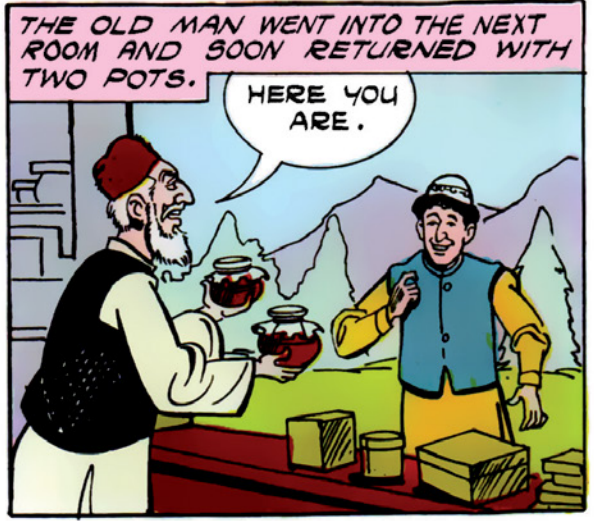
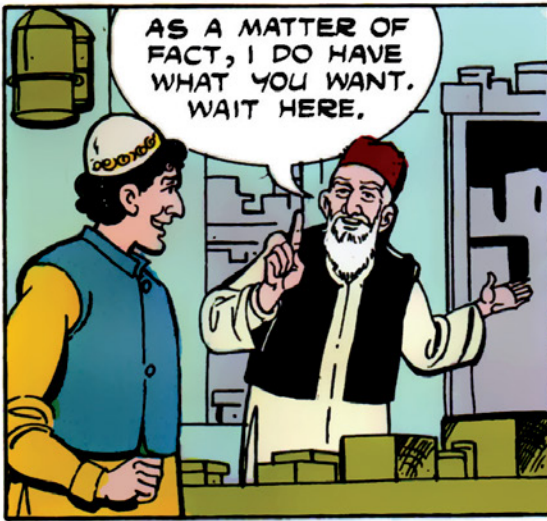


SOON, A YEAR PASSED. ONE DAY —











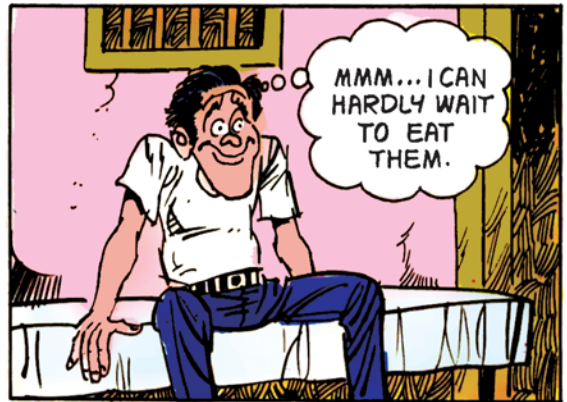
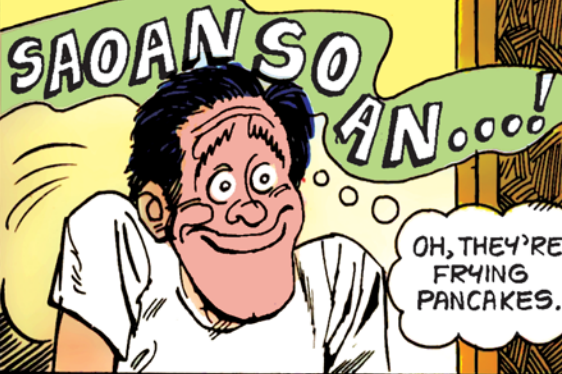


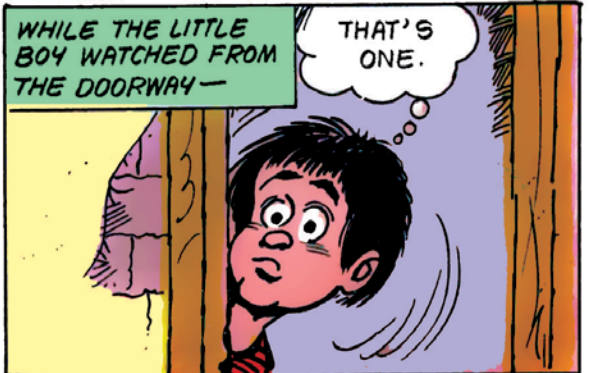
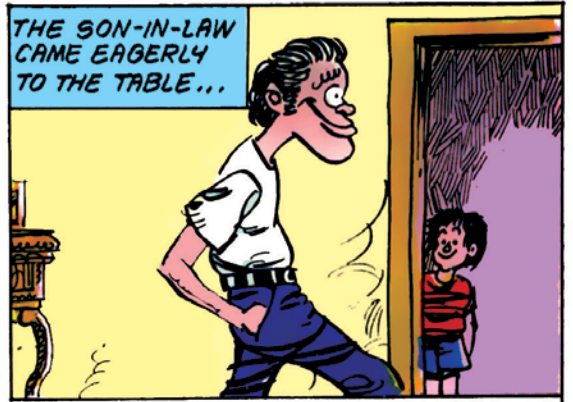
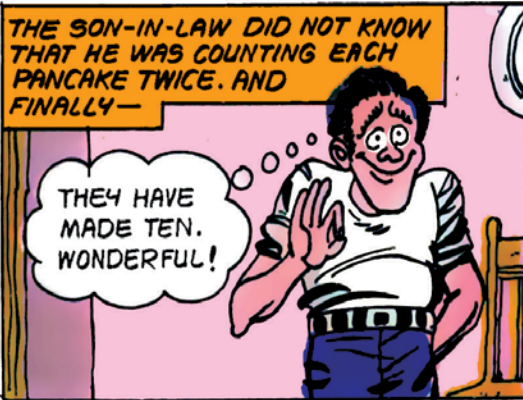
HE COUNTED BEFORE EATING

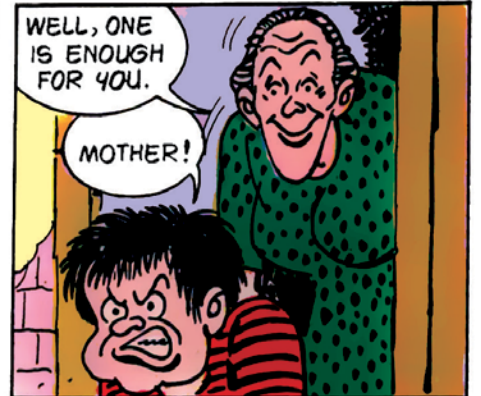
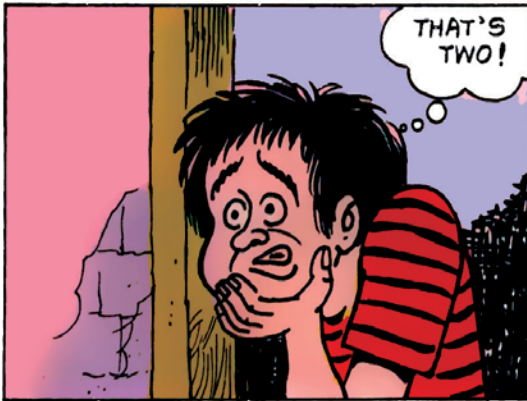
A folktale from Goa

A SON-IN-LAW ON A VISIT TO HIS WIFE'S FAMILY HAD JUST AWAKENED FROM HIS AFTERNOON SIESTA.

I COULD DO WITH SOME TEA NOW.

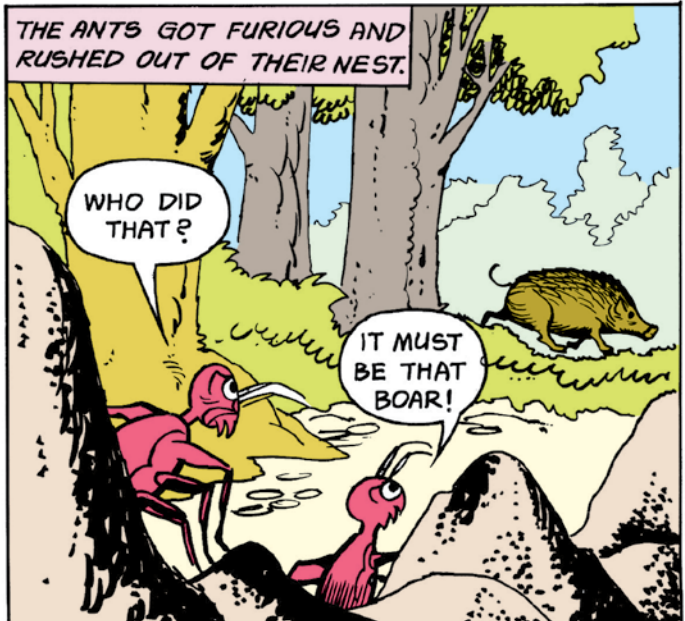
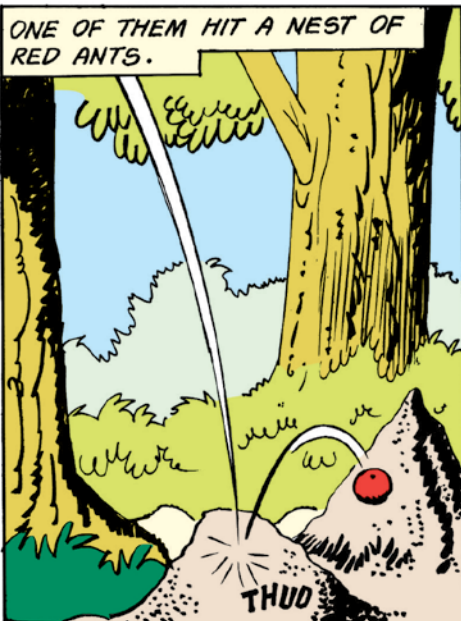
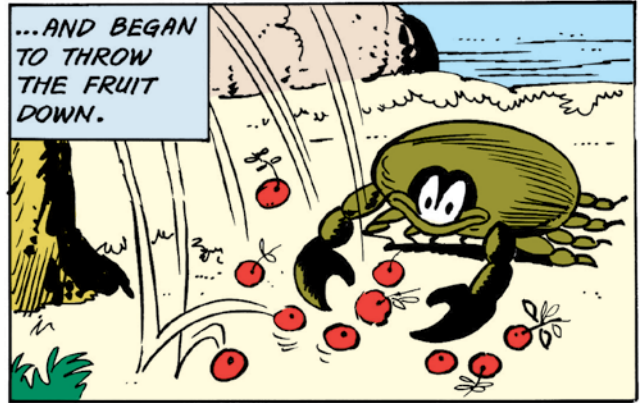
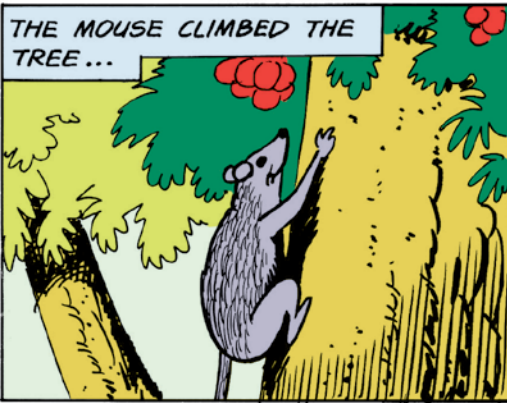
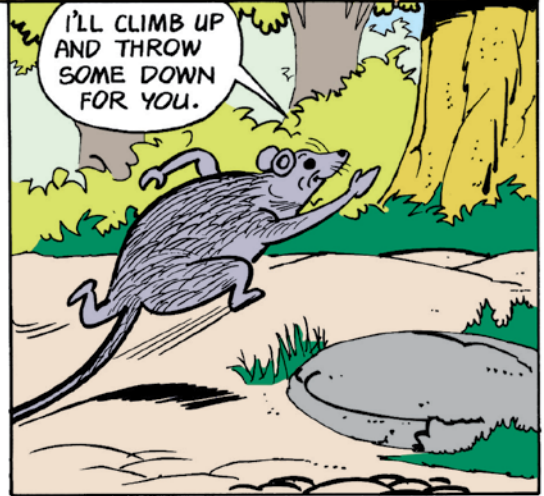
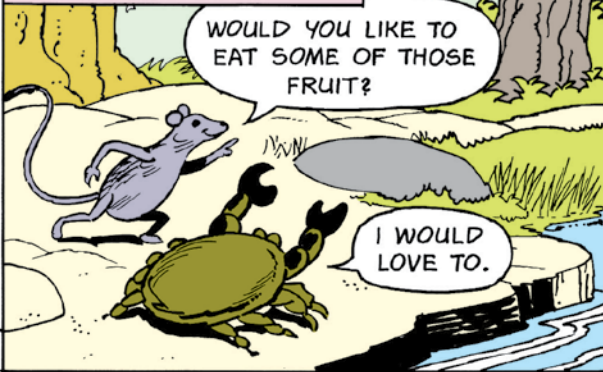


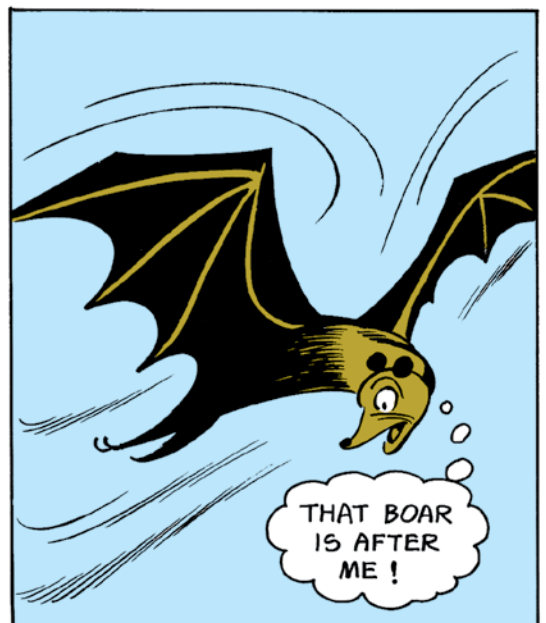
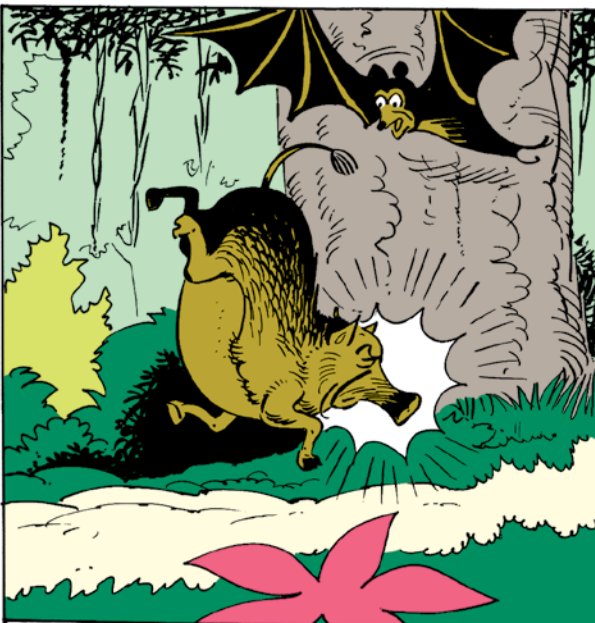
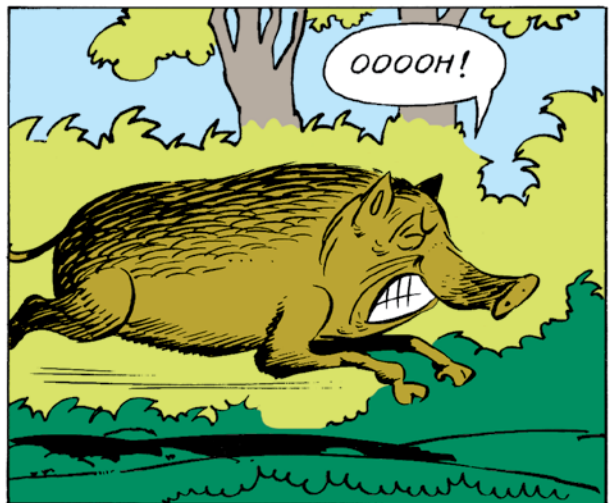
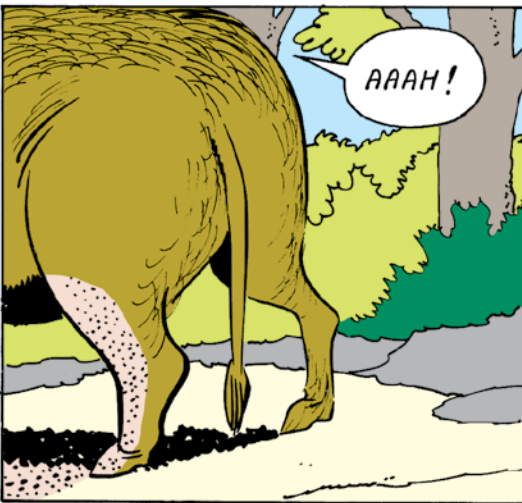
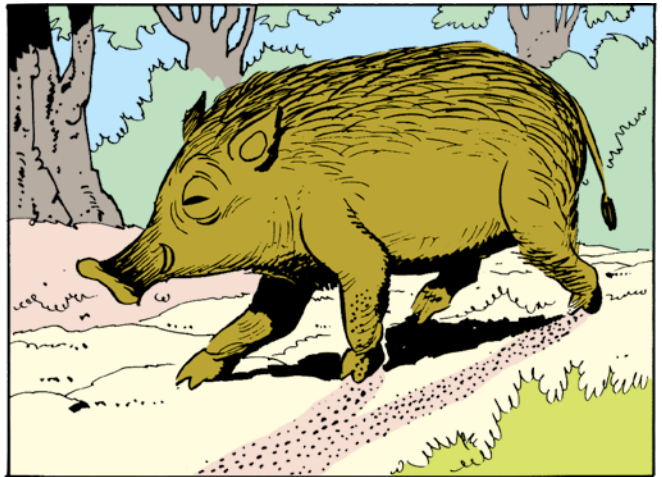
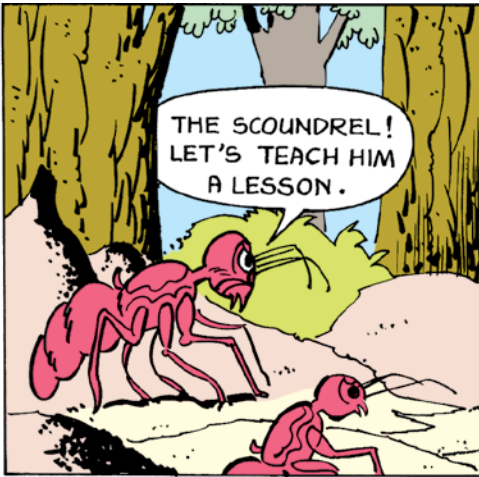


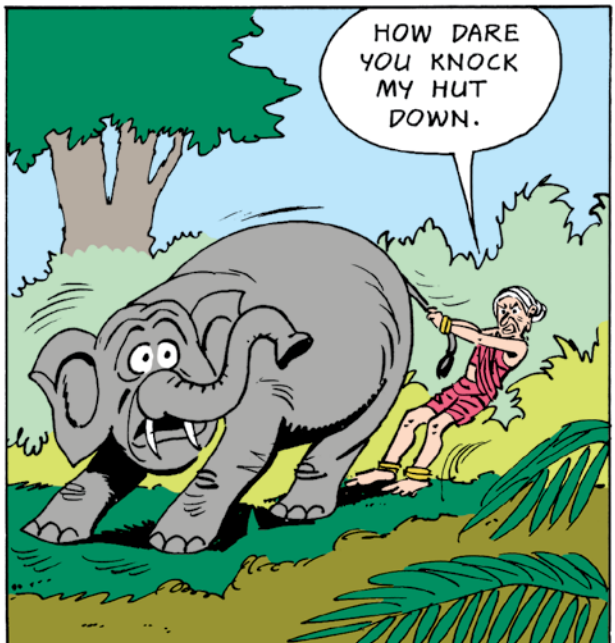
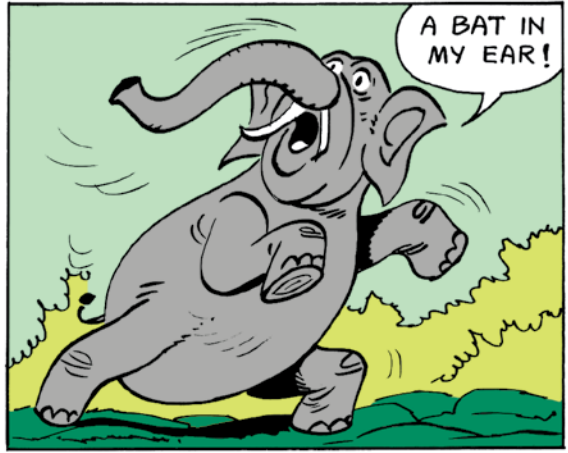
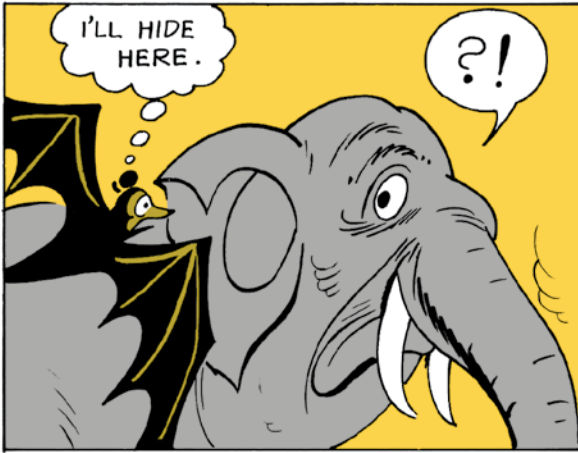


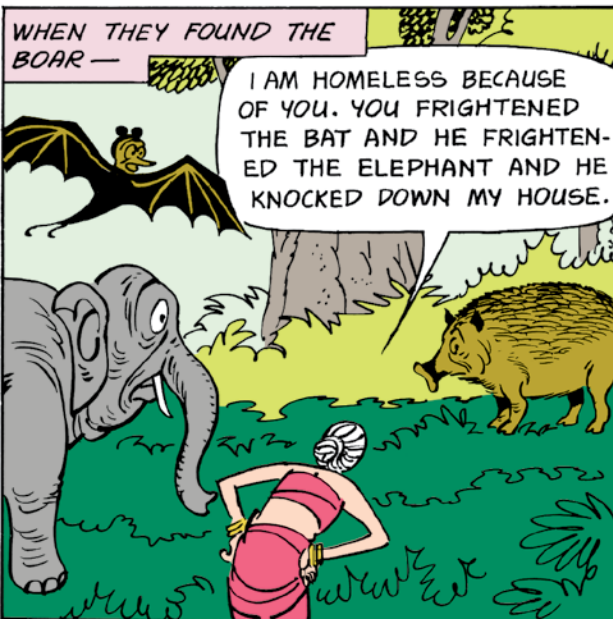
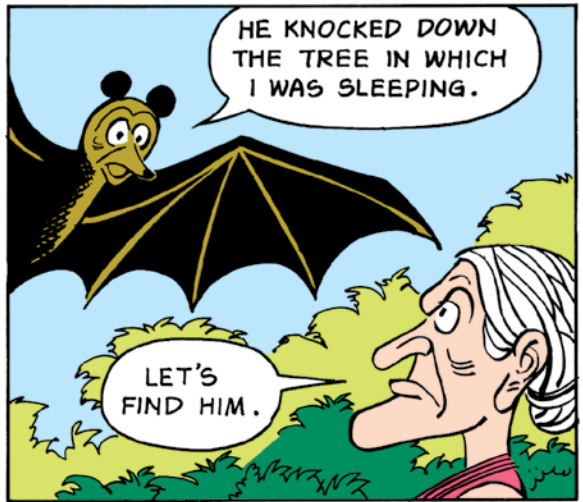
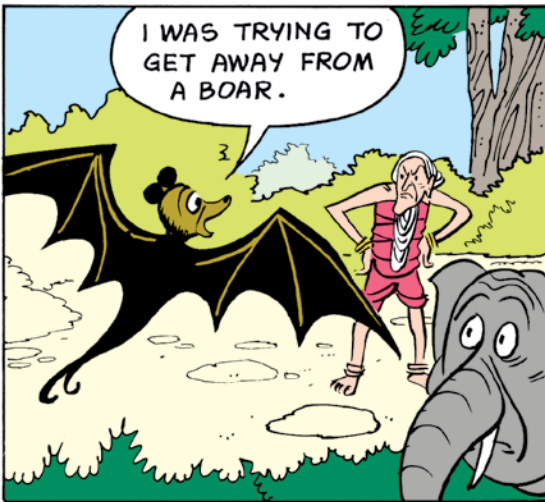
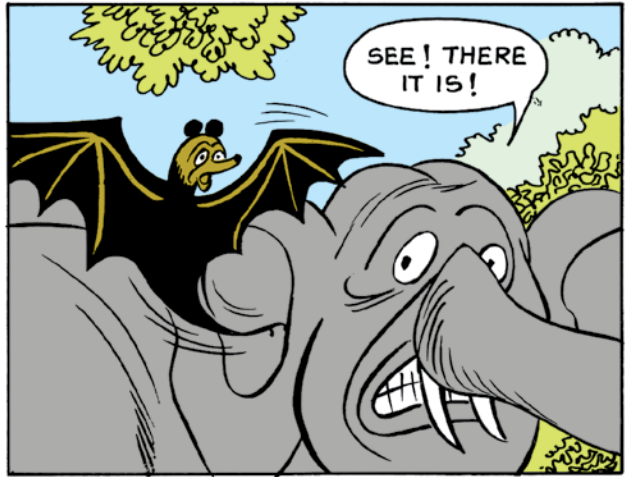
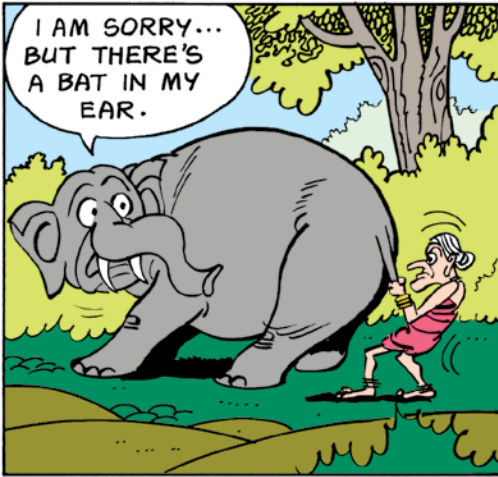
WHY CRABS HAVE FLAT BODIES

THERE ONCE LIVED A CRAB NEAR A RIVER. ONE DAY AS HE WAS LOOKING LONGINGLY AT THE FRUIT ON A TALL TREE, HIS FRIEND THE MOUSE CAME ALONG.

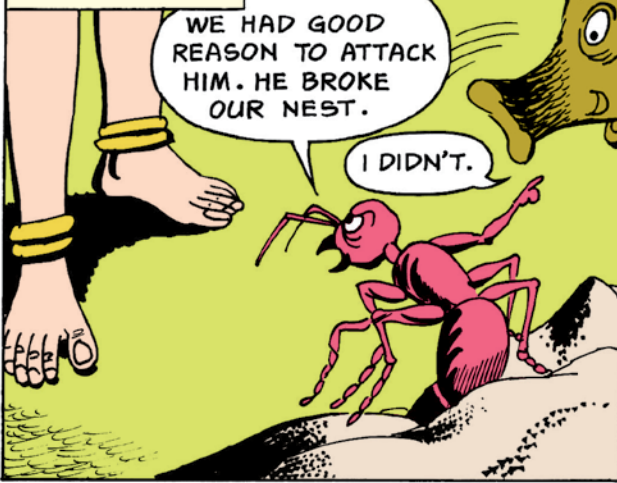




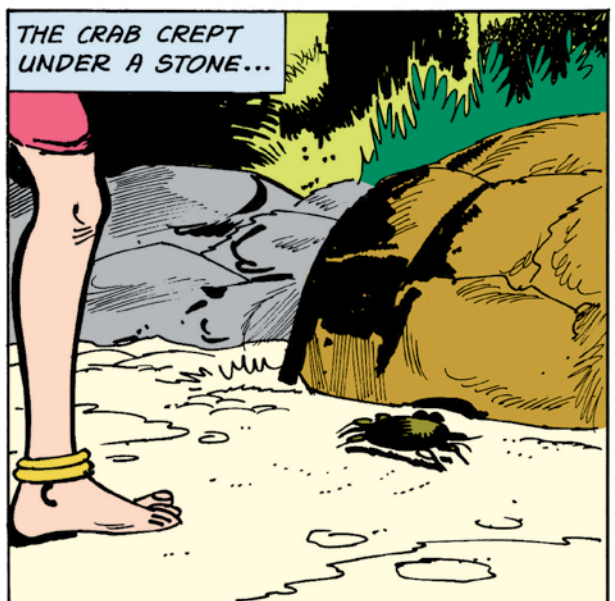
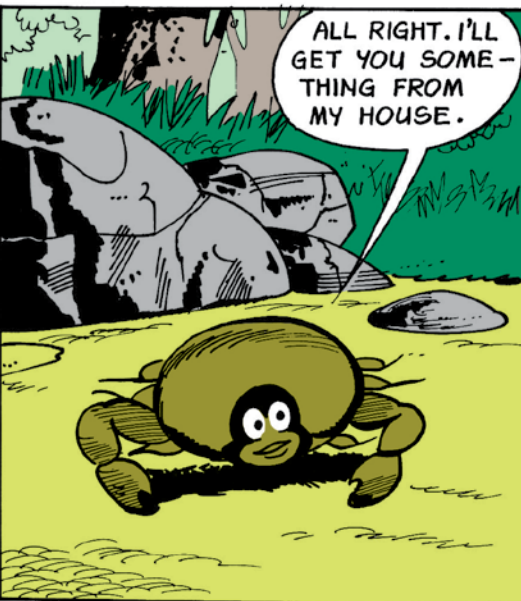
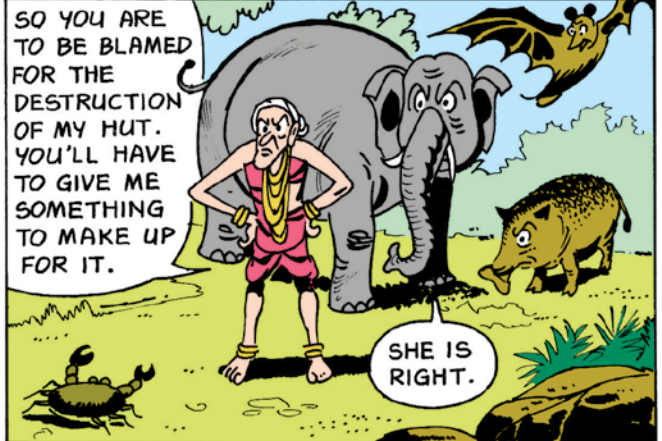
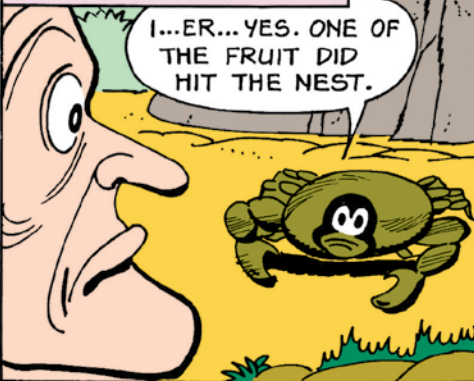


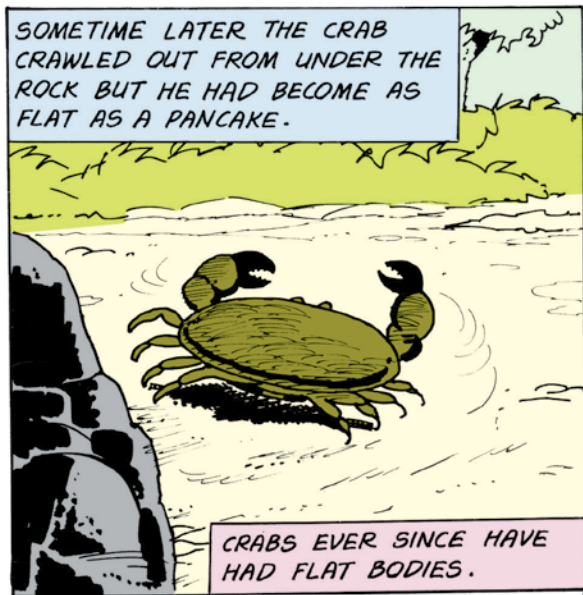
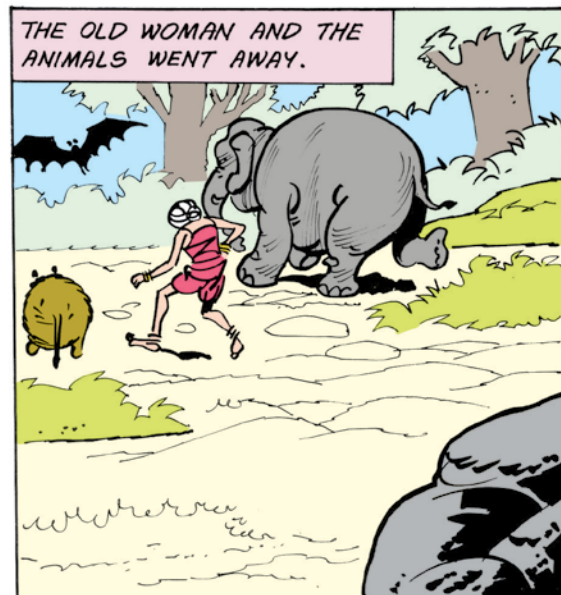


WHEN THE OLD WOMAN QUESTIONED THE ANTS —



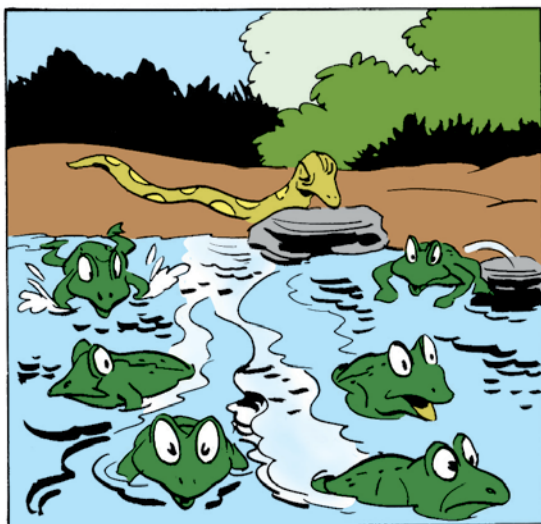
WHEN THE CRAB WAS QUESTIONED —

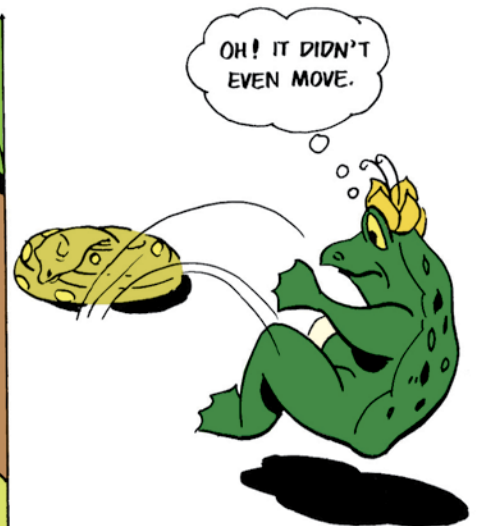
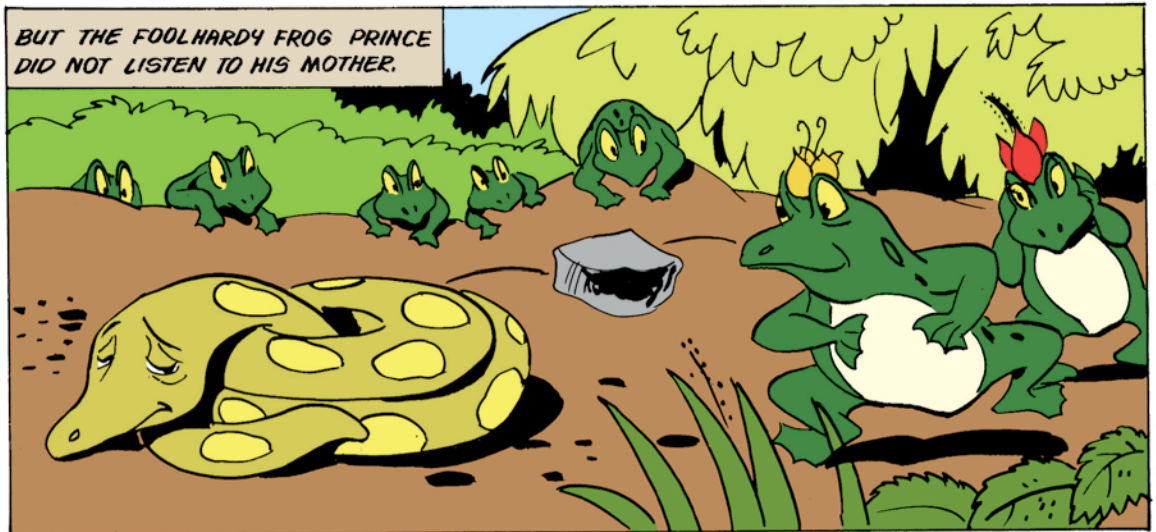
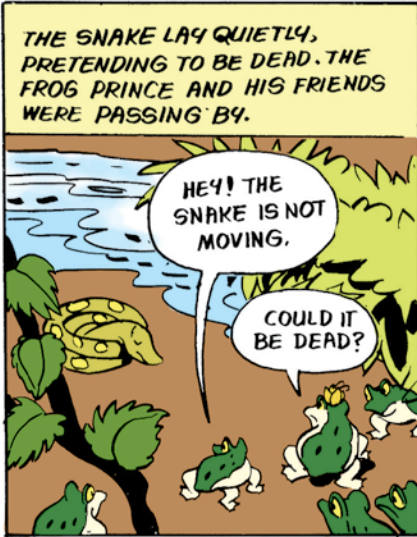


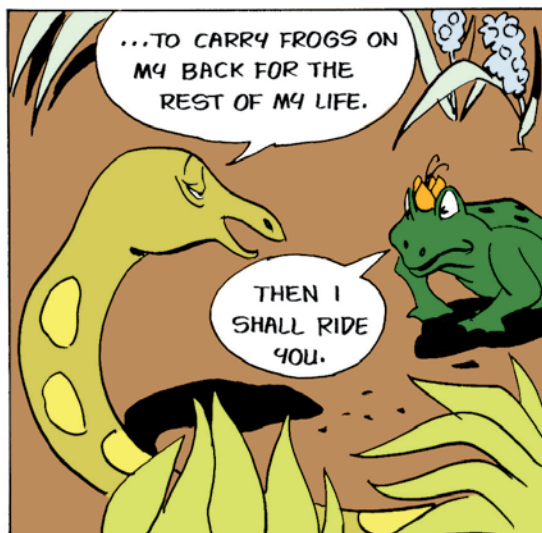
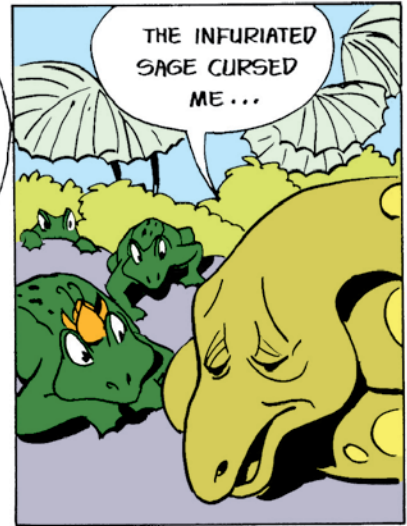


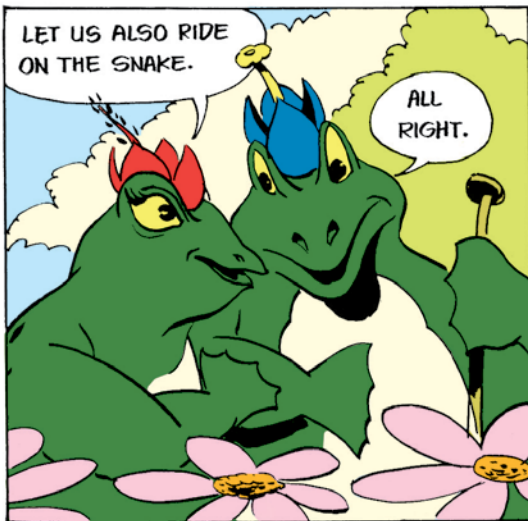
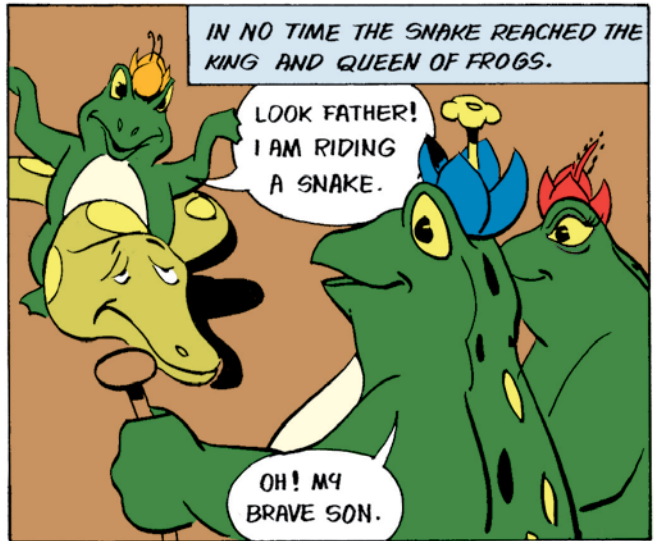
THE FOOLISH FROG KING

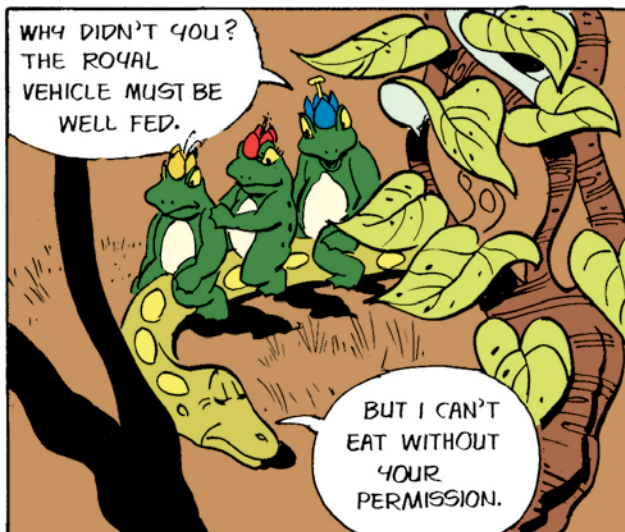
ONCE AN OLD, WEAK SNAKE CAME TO A POND FULL OF FROGS.

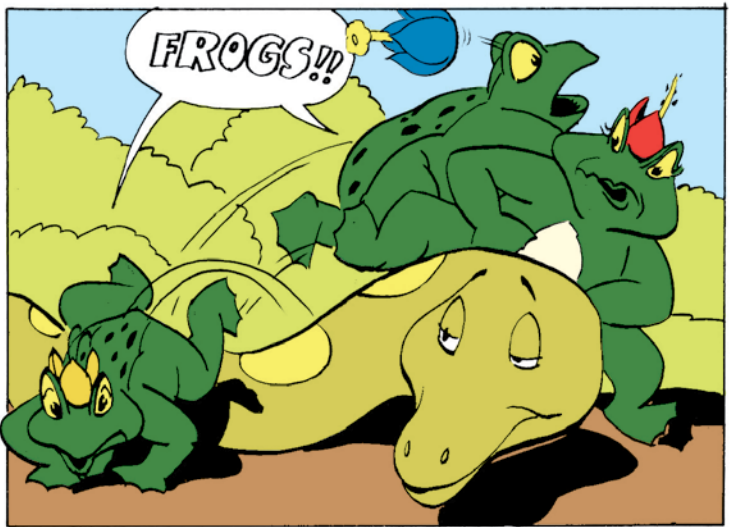
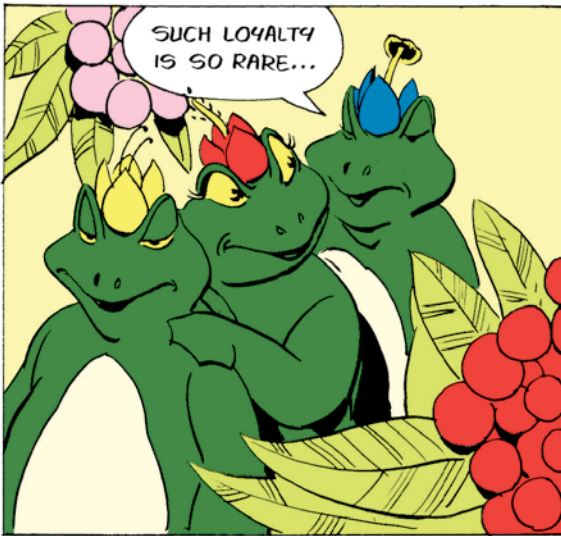


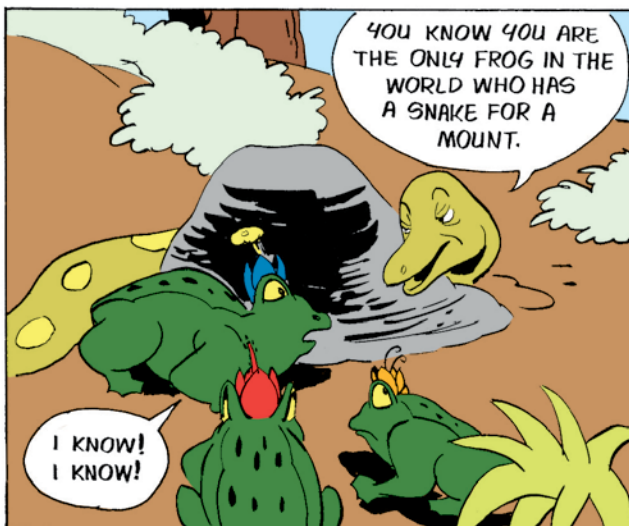
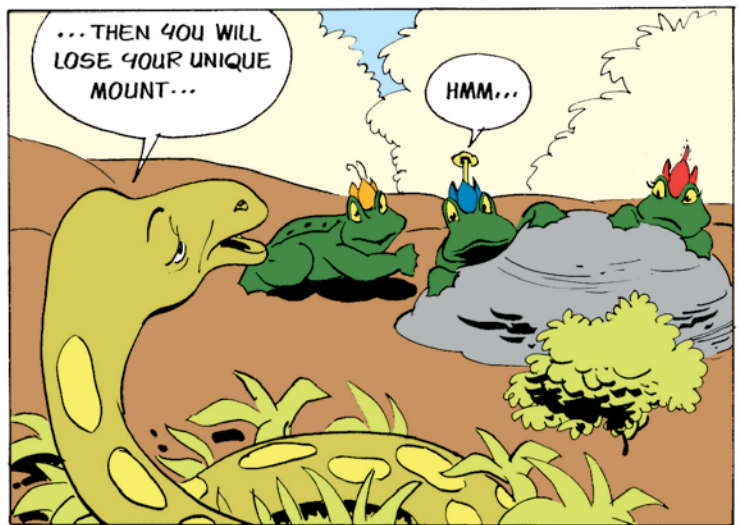
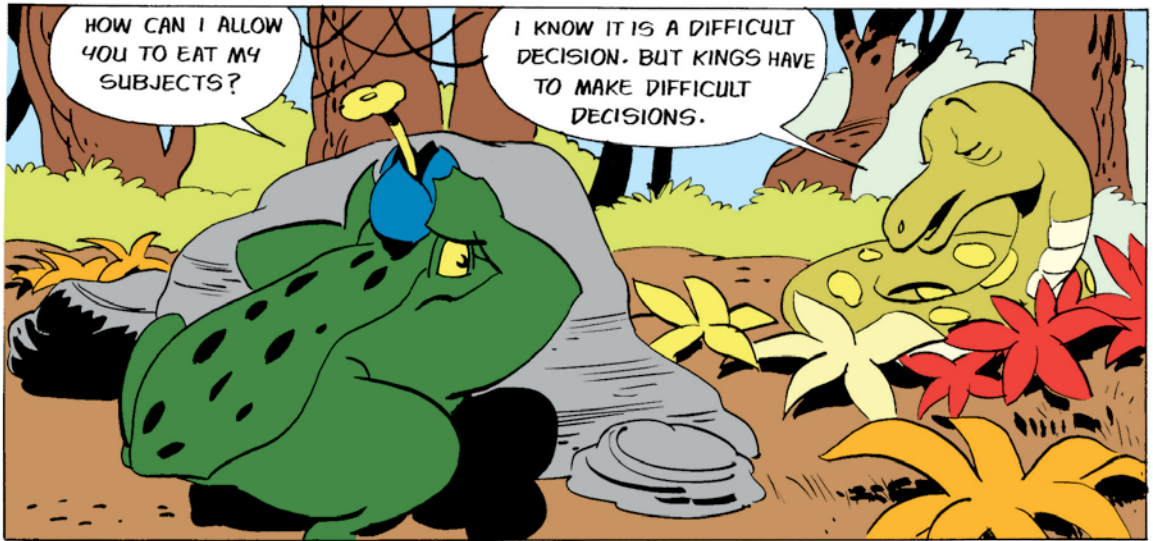


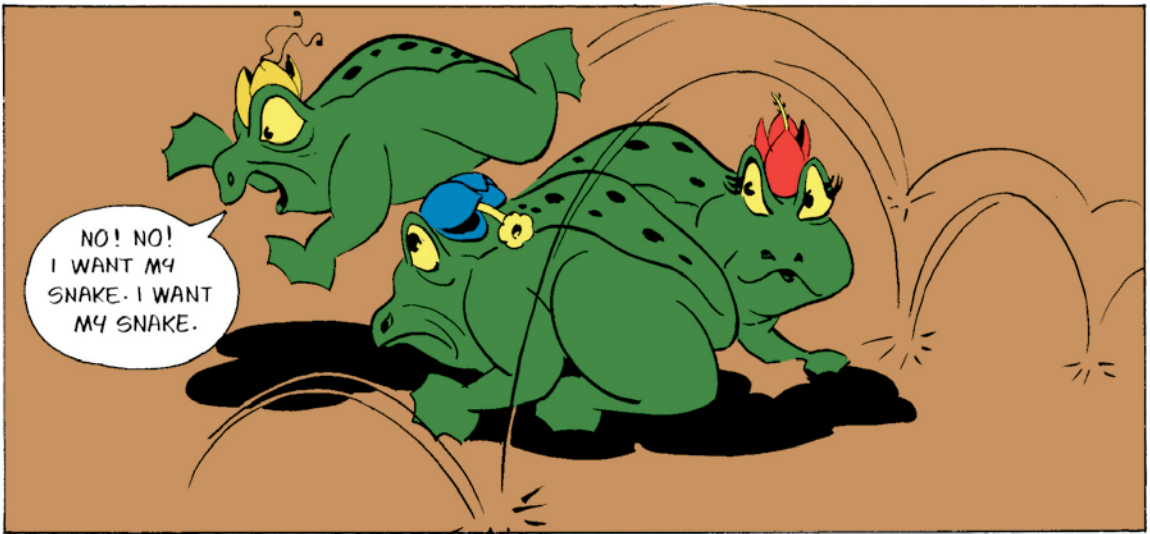


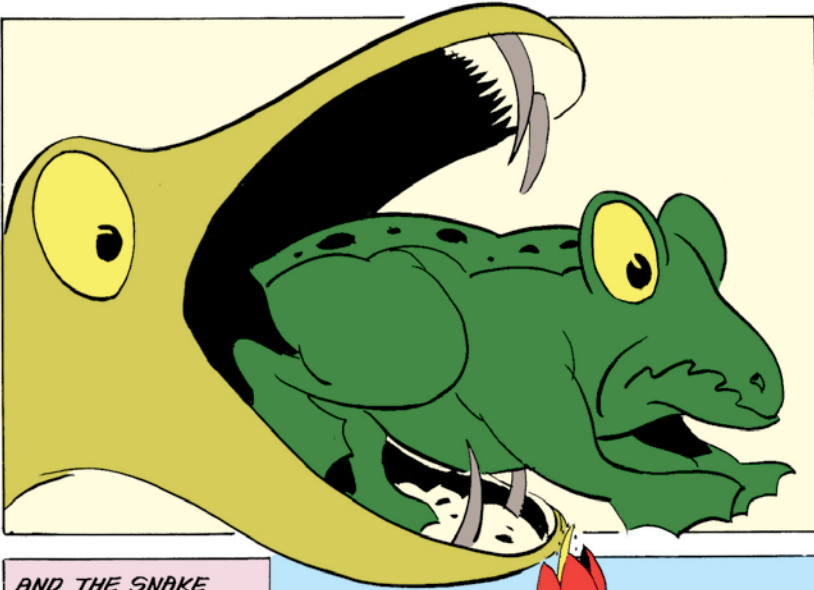
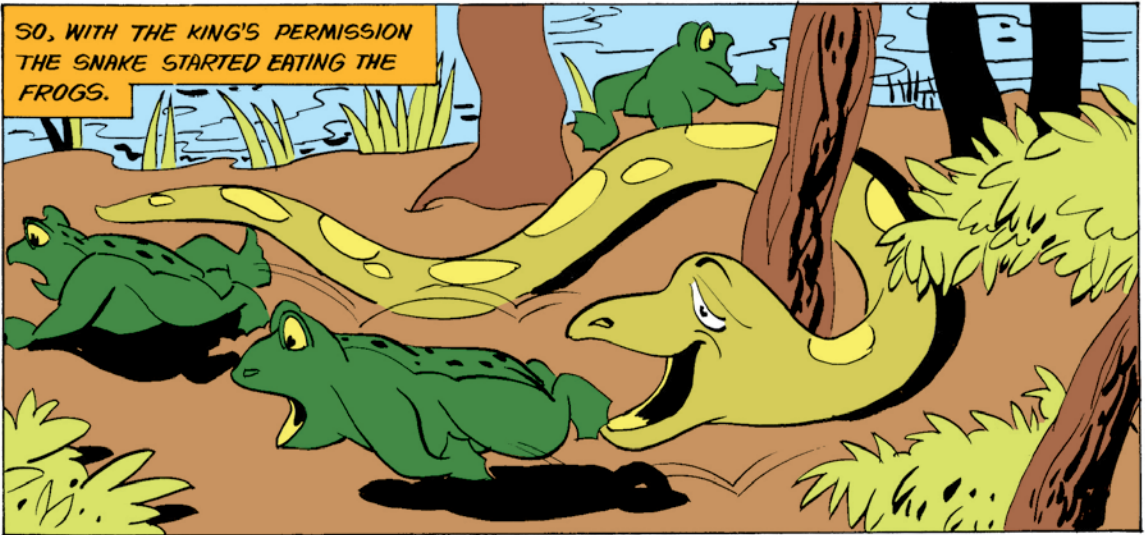


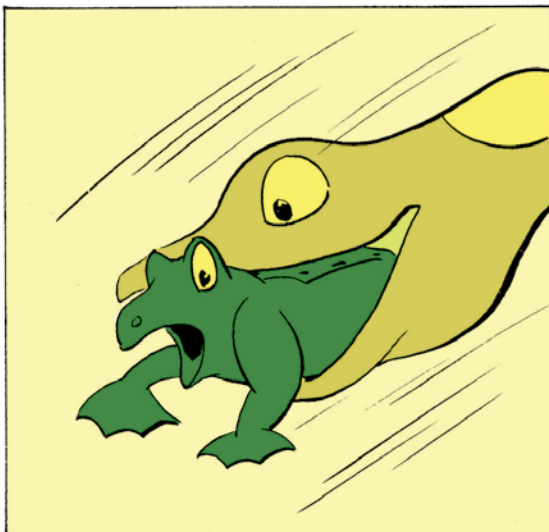
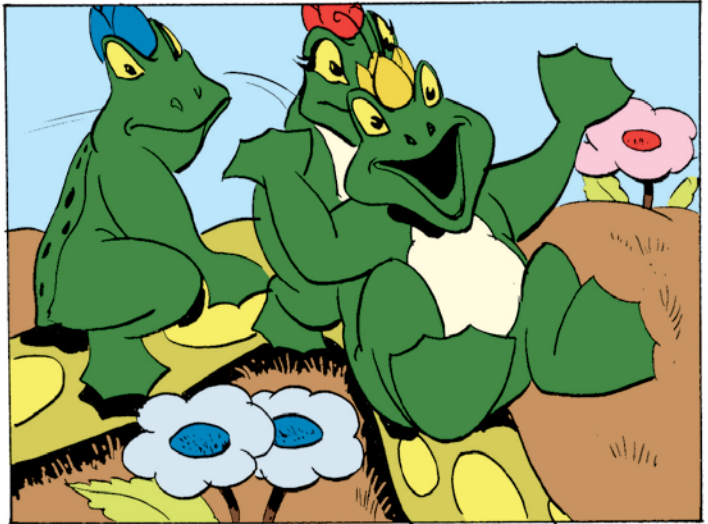


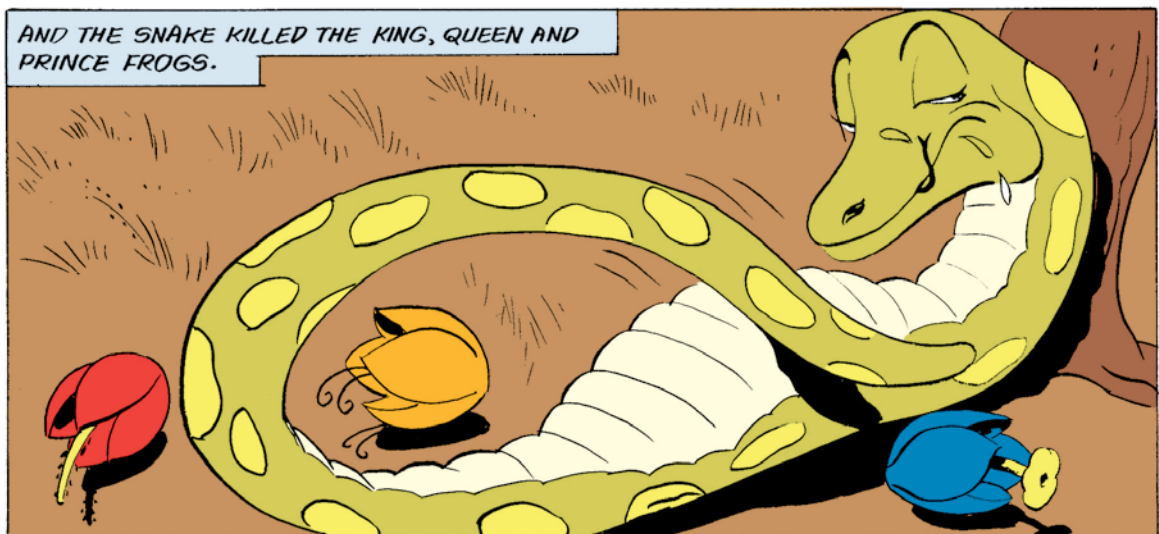
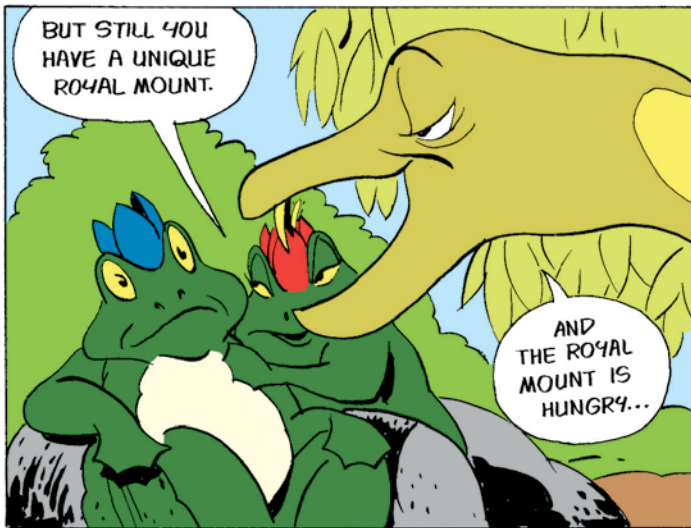
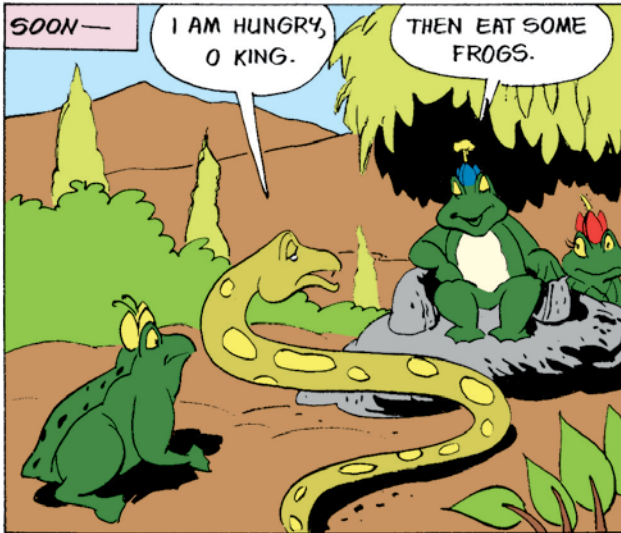




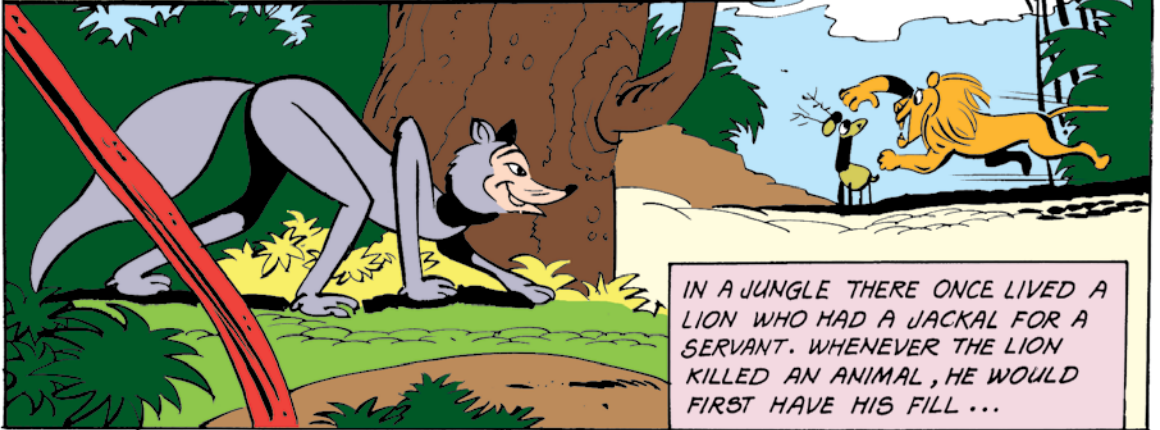








THE LION, THE JACKAL AND THE DONKEY

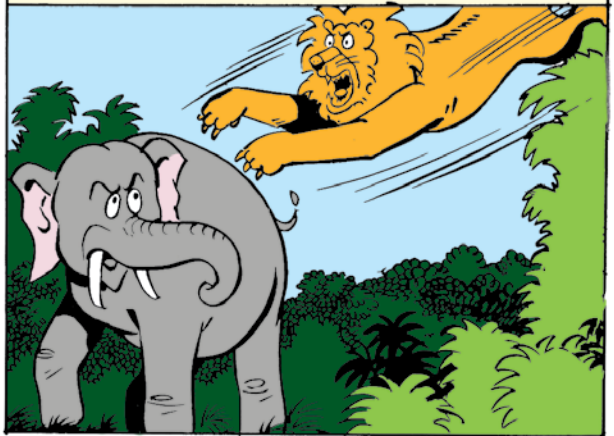


IN A JUNGLE THERE ONCE LIVED A LION WHO HAD A JACKAL FOR A SERVANT. WHENEVER THE LION KILLED AN ANIMAL, HE WOULD FIRST HAVE HIS FILL ...

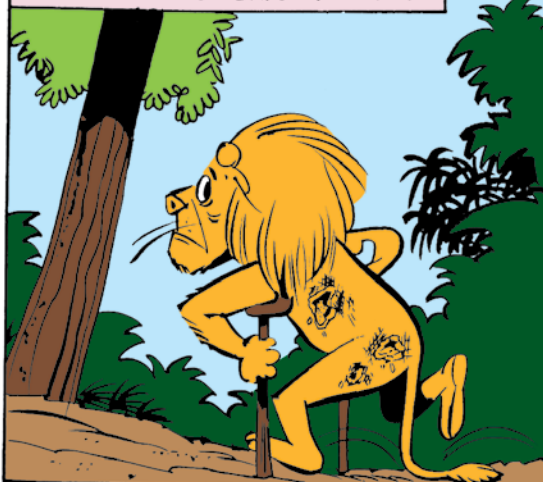
... AND LEAVE THE REST FOR THE JACKAL .



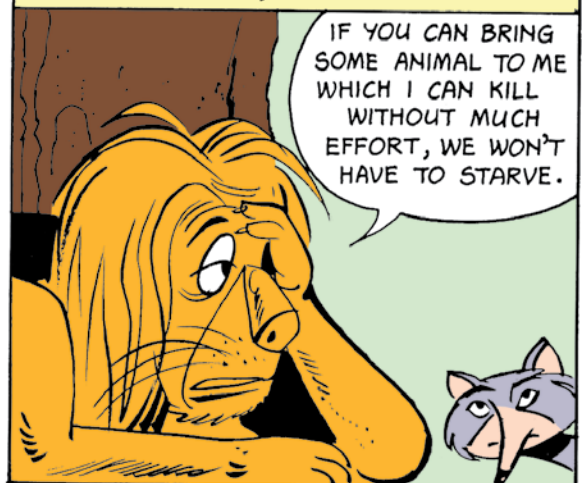
ONE DAY, THE LION MADE THE MISTAKE OF ATTACKING A FIERCE KING-ELEPHANT.

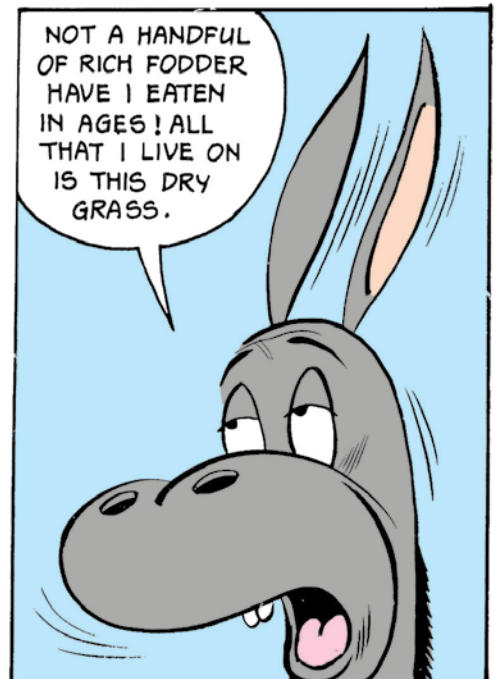
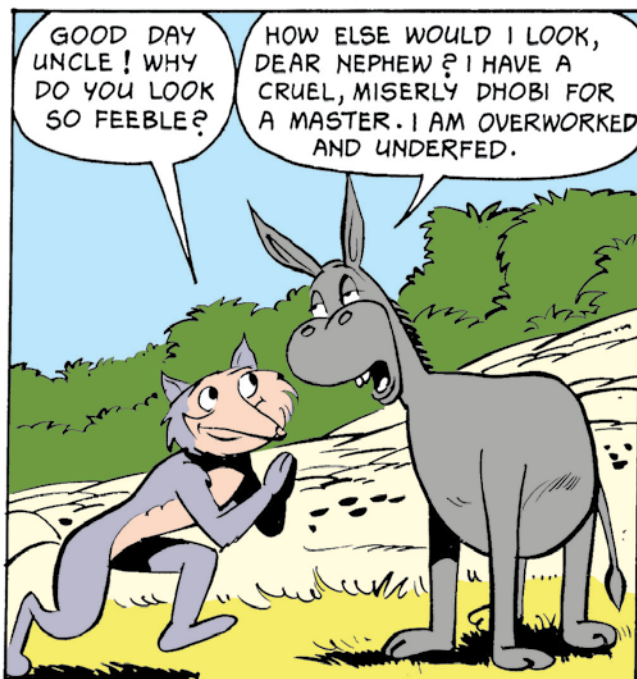
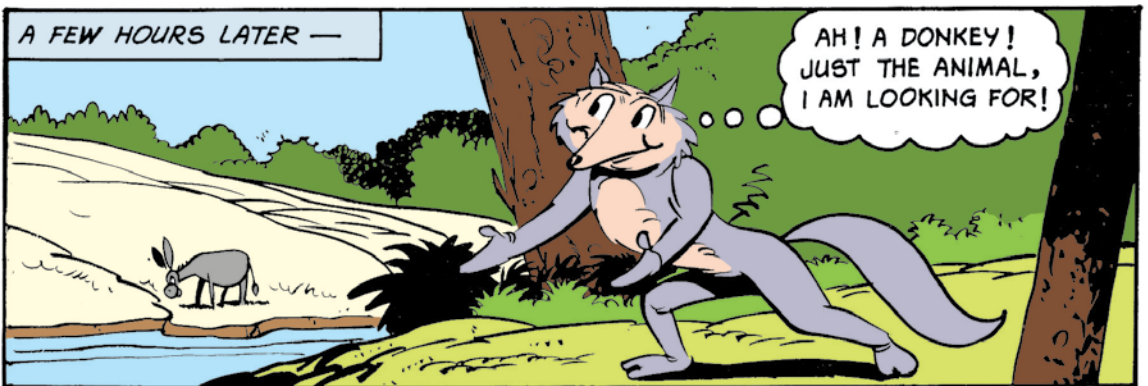
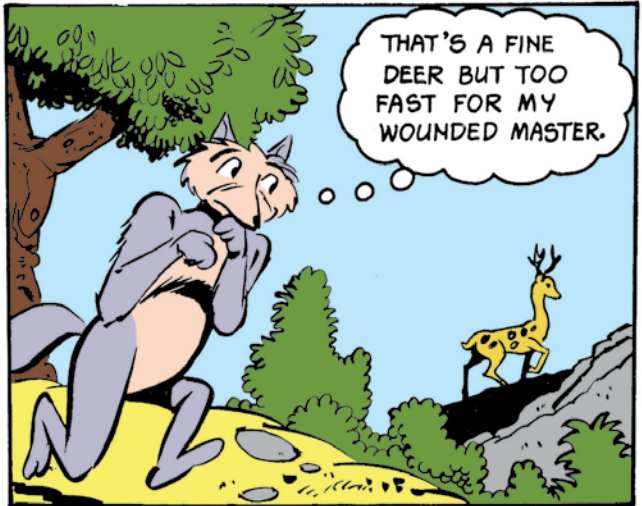
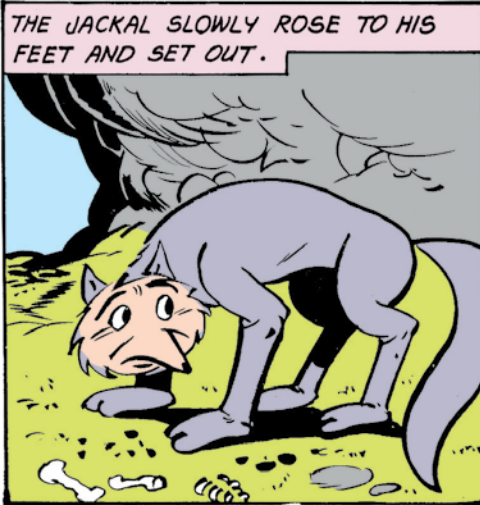


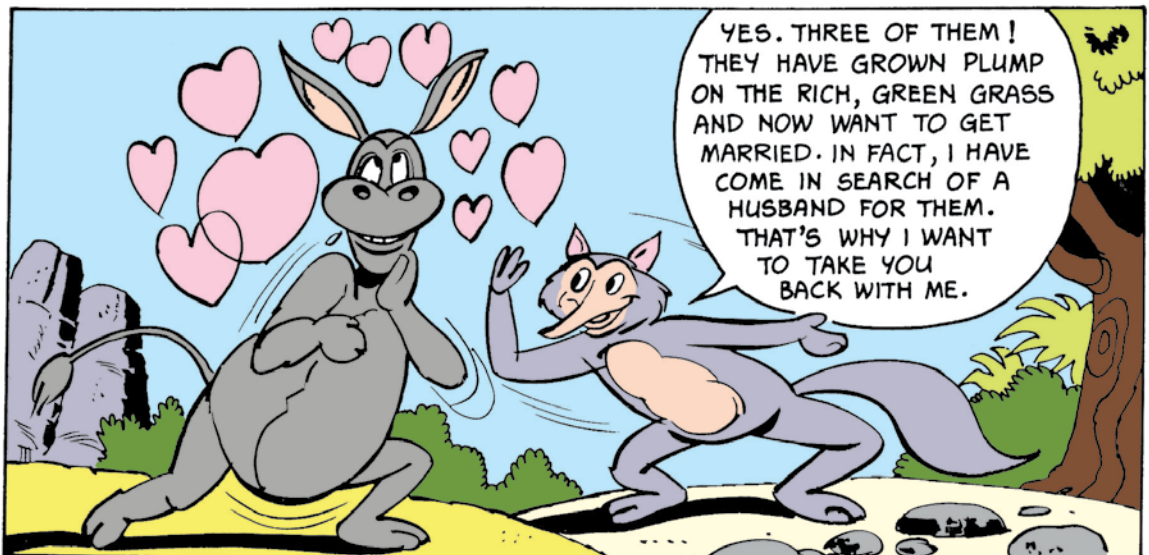
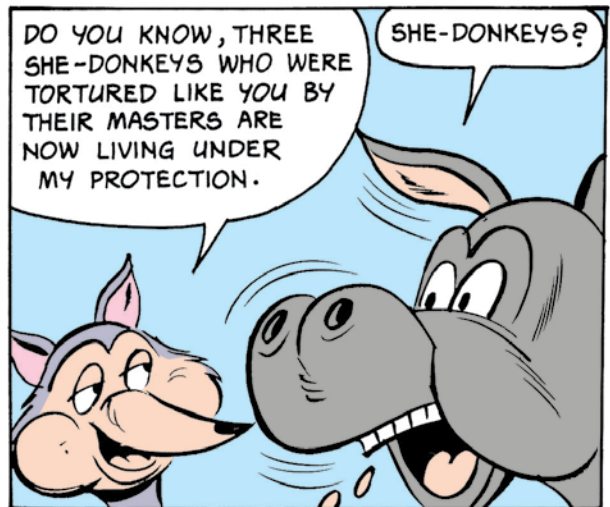
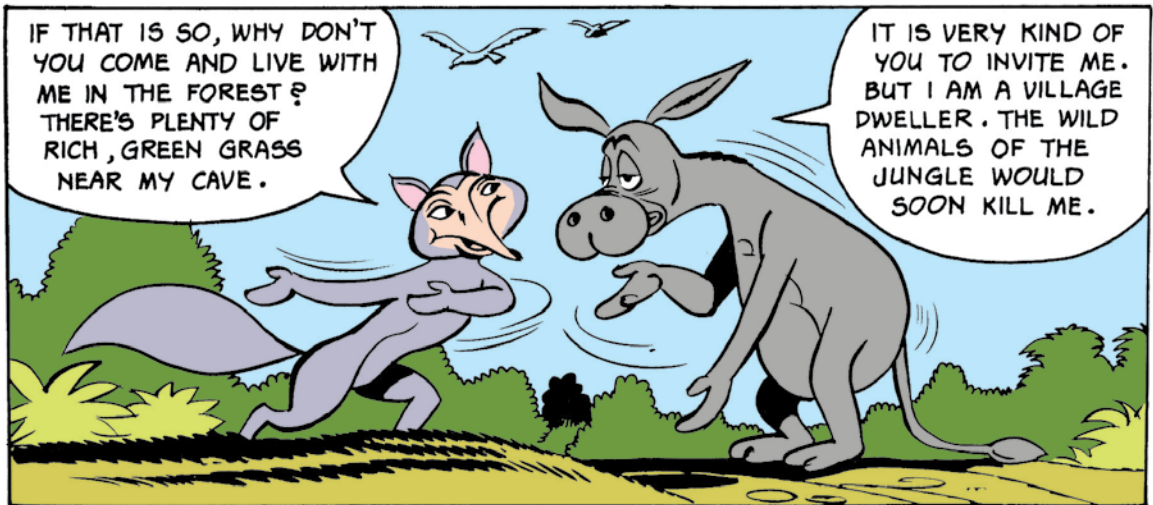
THE ELEPHANT WOUNDED HIM SO BADLY THAT HE COULD BARELY WALK.

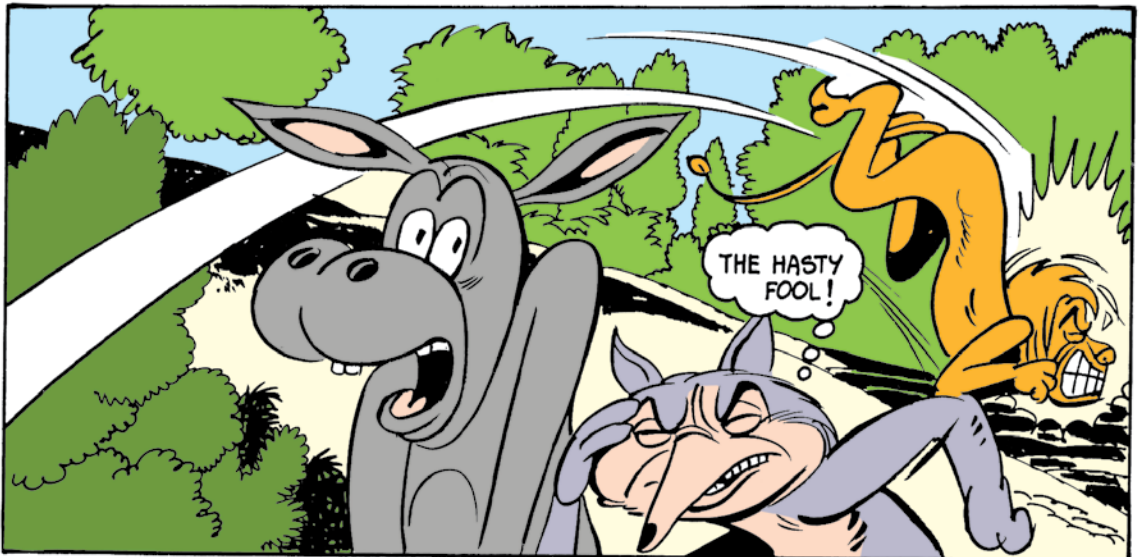
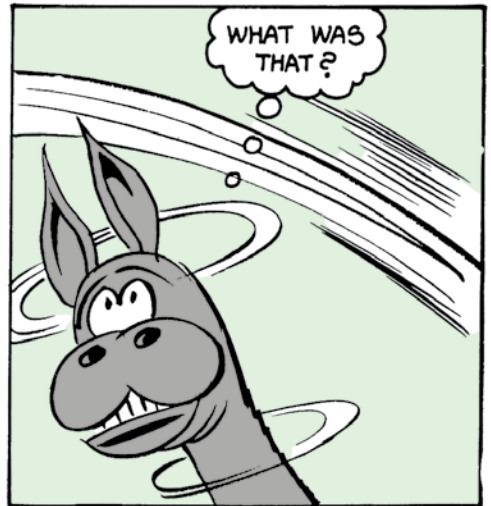
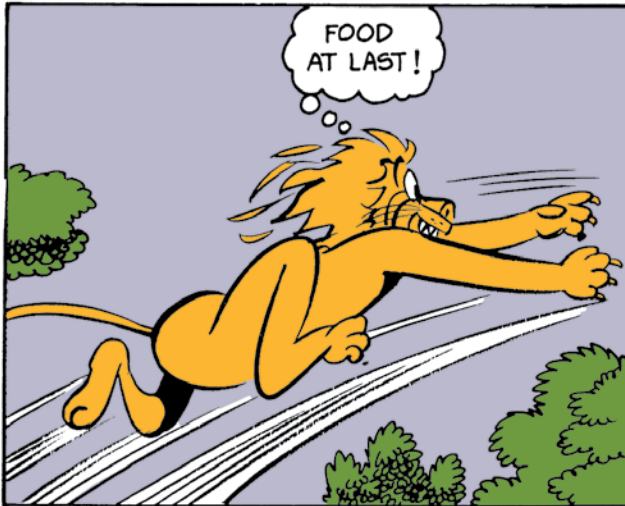
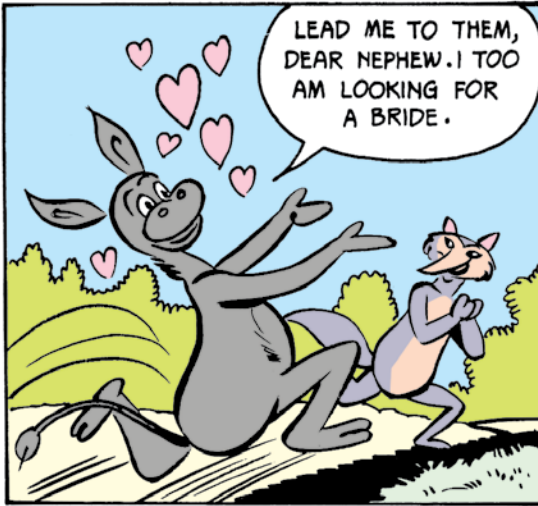


FOR A WEEK, MASTER AND SERVANT STARVED. AT LAST, THE LION HAD AN IDEA.





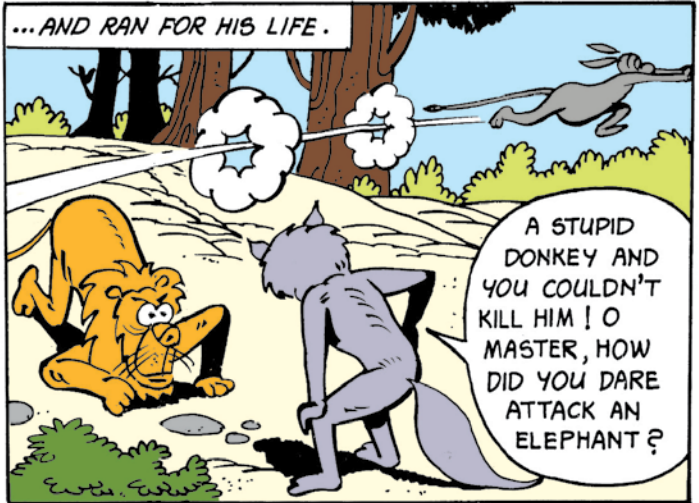




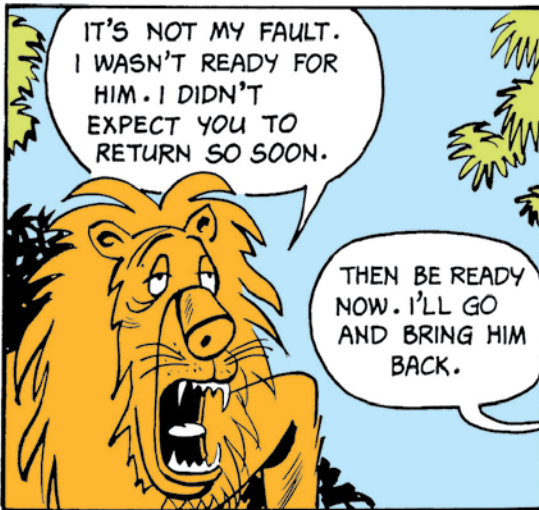
THE TERRIFIED DONKEY TOOK
ONE LOOK AT THE LION...



...AND RAN FOR HIS LIFE.



IT'S NOT MY FAULT.
I WASN'T READY FOR
HIM. I DIDN'T
EXPECT YOU TO
RETURN SO SOON.



THEN BE READY
NOW. I'LL GO
AND BRING HIM
BACK.

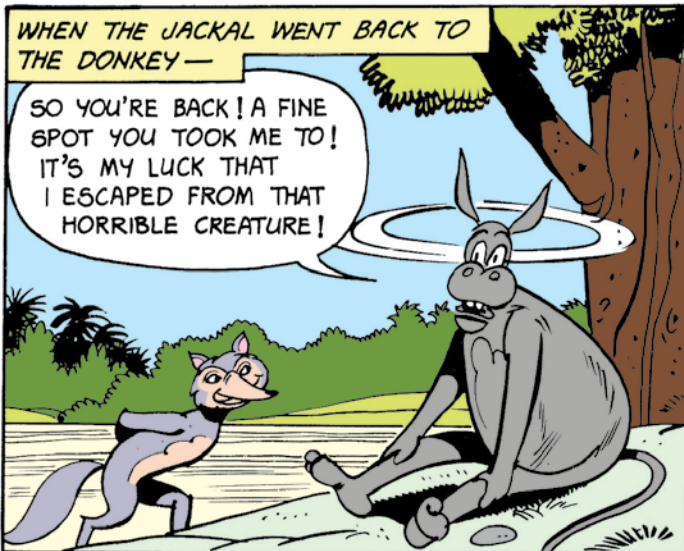
BRING HIM BACK?
IMPOSSIBLE! HE SAW
ME AND RAN AWAY.
YOU'LL HAVE TO
BRING SOME OTHER
ANIMAL.



I WILL BRING
BACK THAT VERY
DONKEY. BE READY
FOR HIM THIS
TIME.

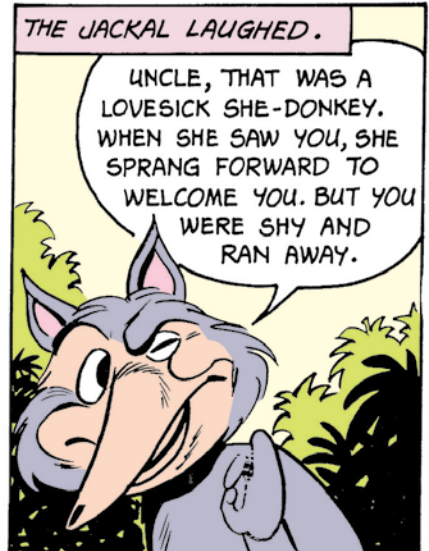
WHEN THE JACKAL WENT BACK TO
THE DONKEY —

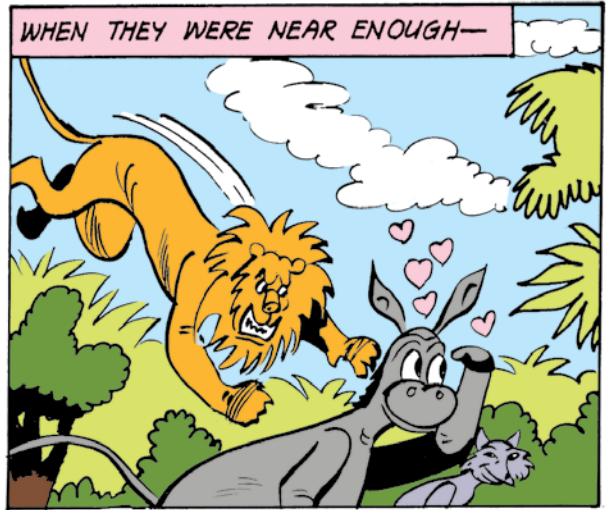
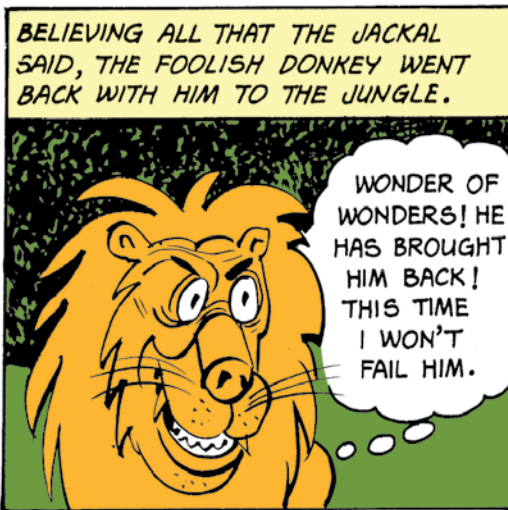
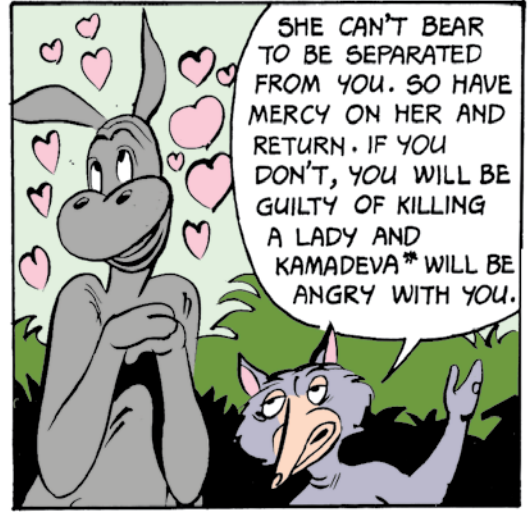
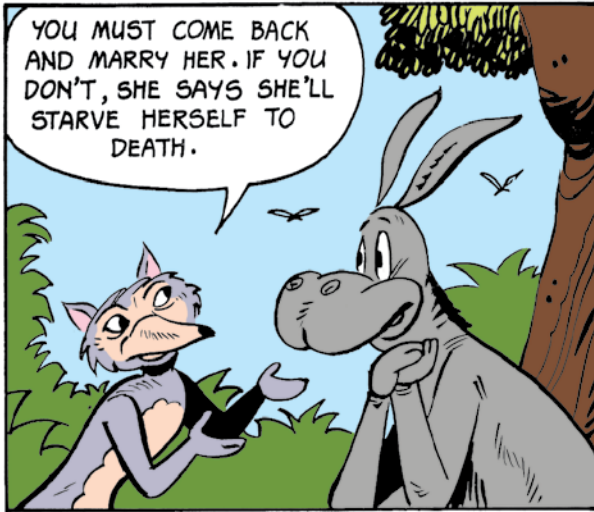
SO YOU'RE BACK! A FINE
SPOT YOU TOOK ME TO!
IT'S MY LUCK THAT
I ESCAPED FROM THAT
HORRIBLE CREATURE!



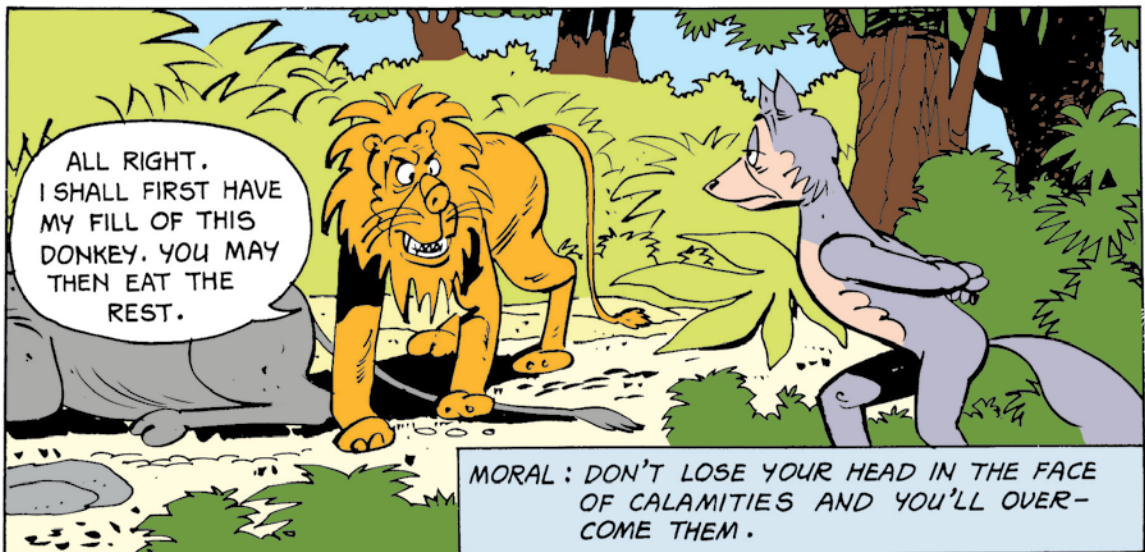
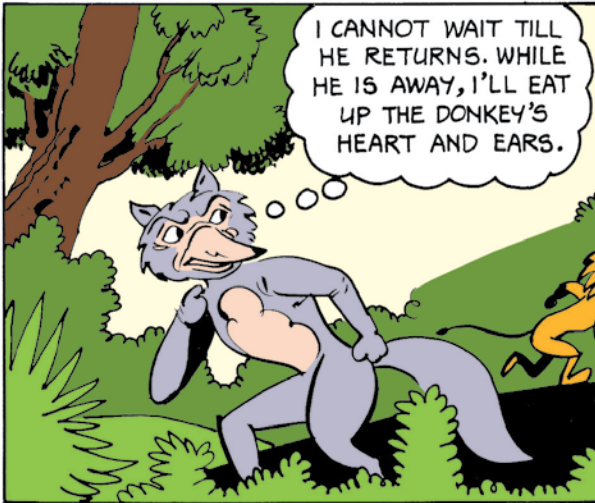
THE JACKAL LAUGHED.

UNCLE, THAT WAS A
LOVESICK SHE-DONKEY.
WHEN SHE SAW YOU, SHE
SPRANG FORWARD TO
WELCOME YOU. BUT YOU
WERE SHY AND
RAN AWAY.

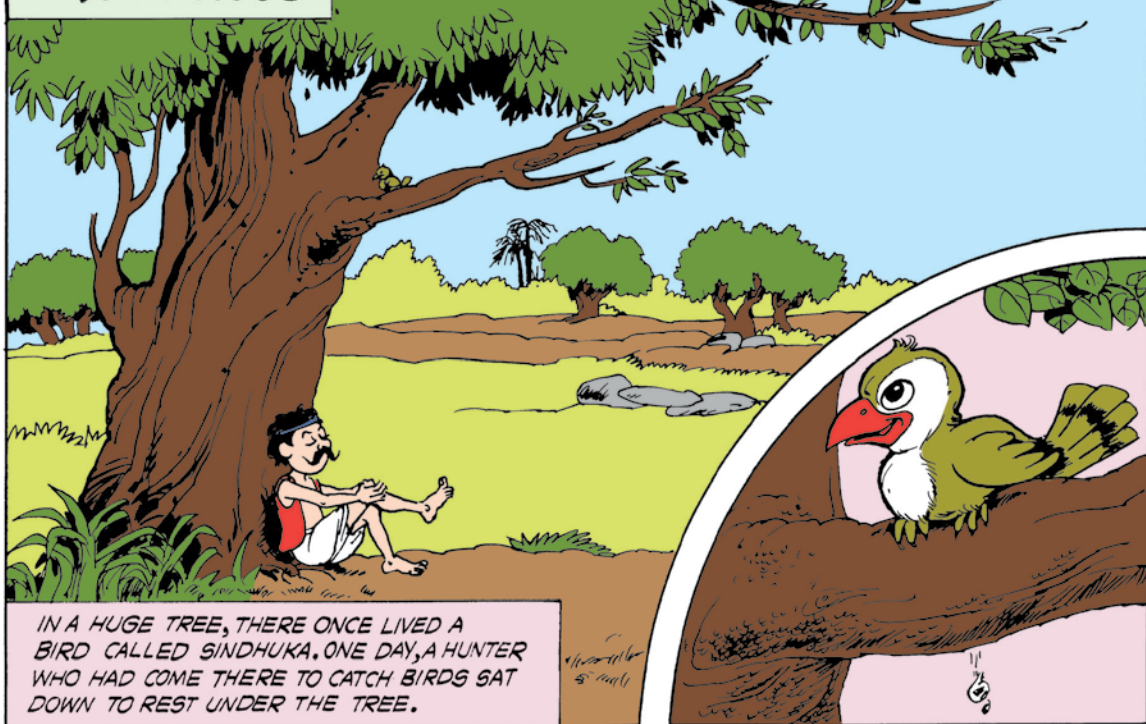


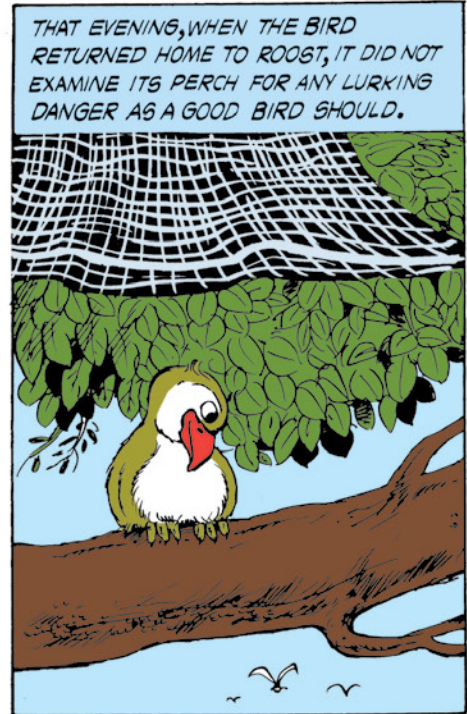
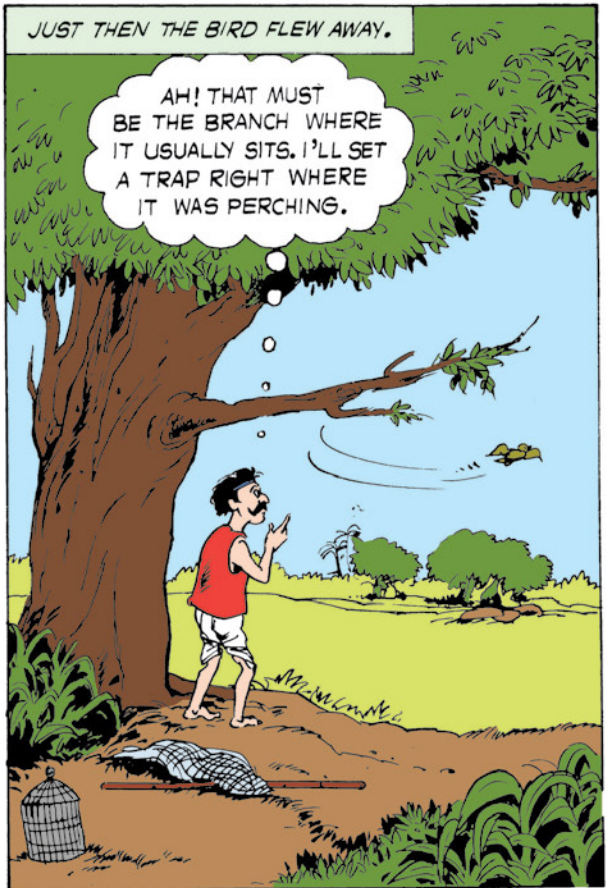


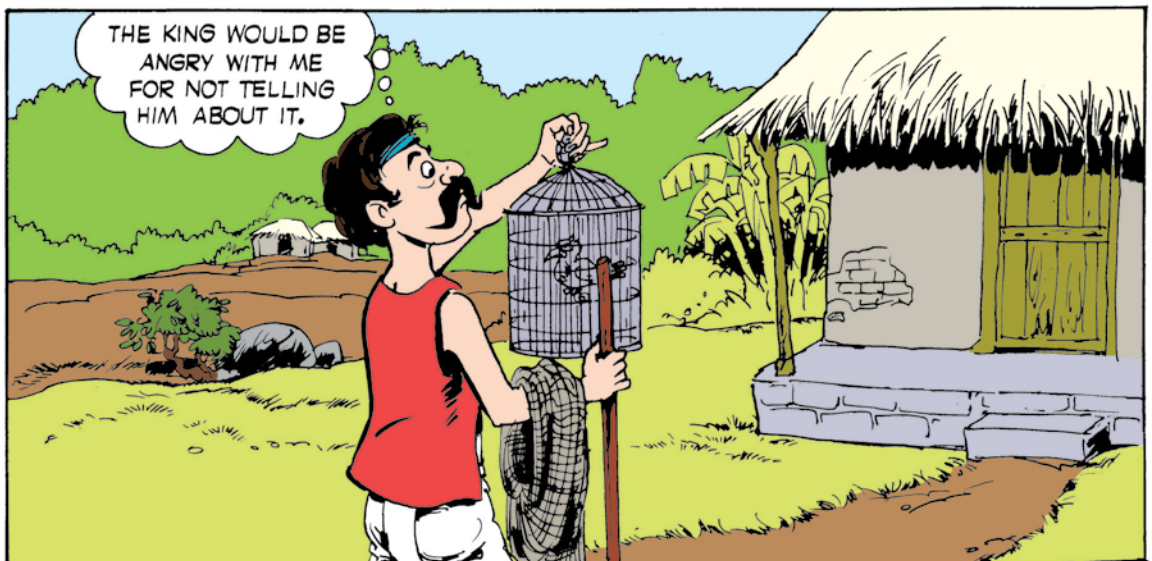
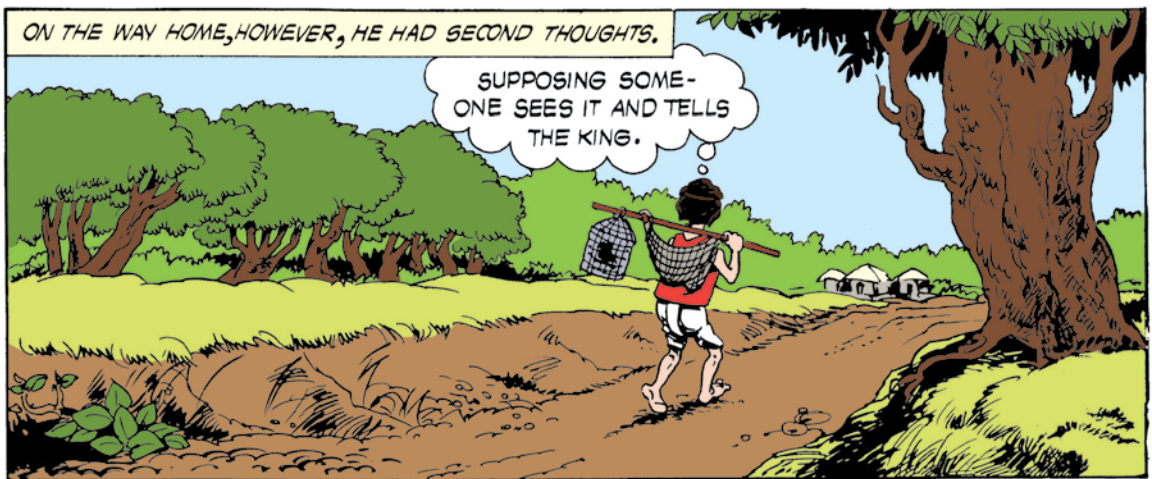
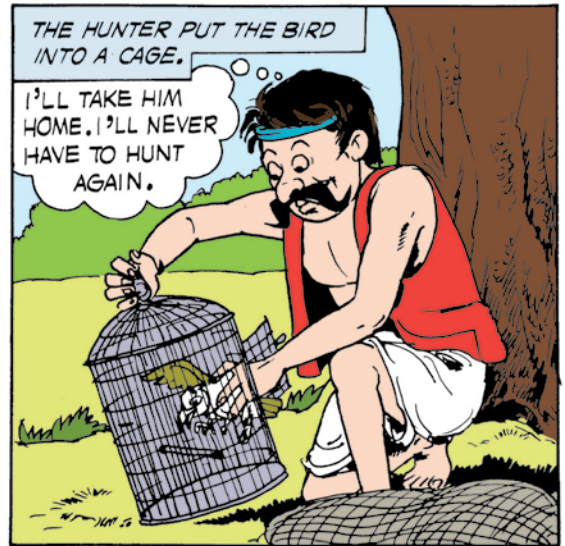
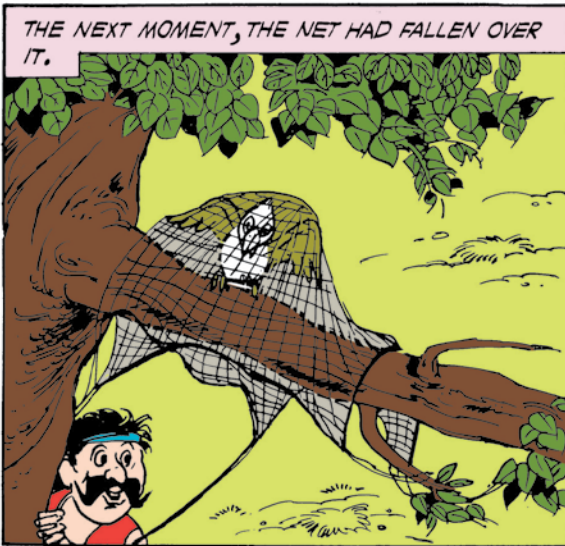
* GOD OF LOVE

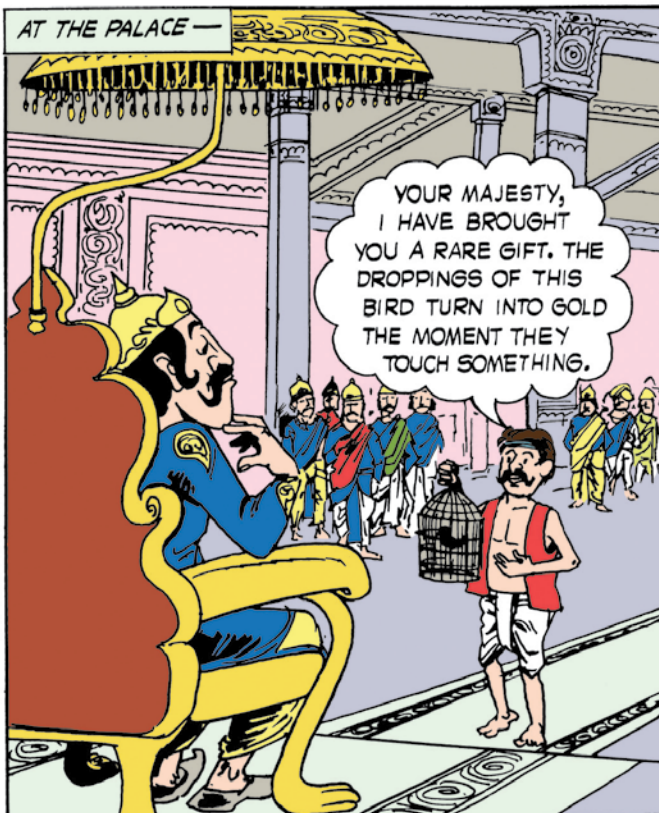
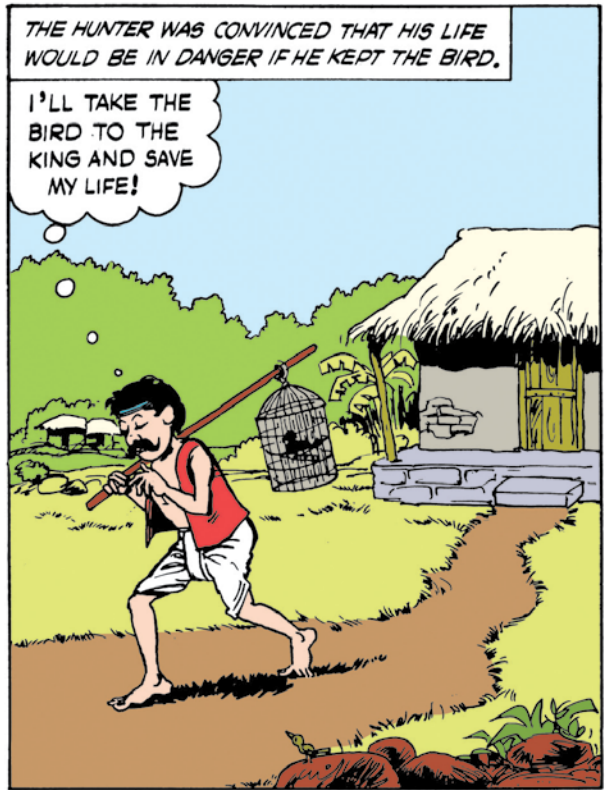


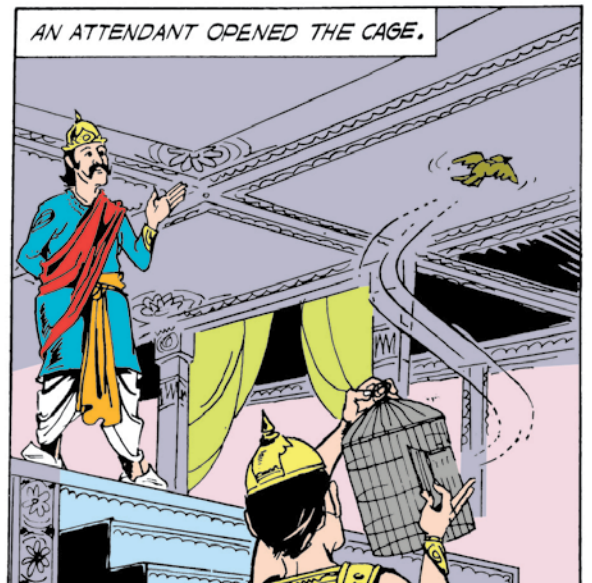
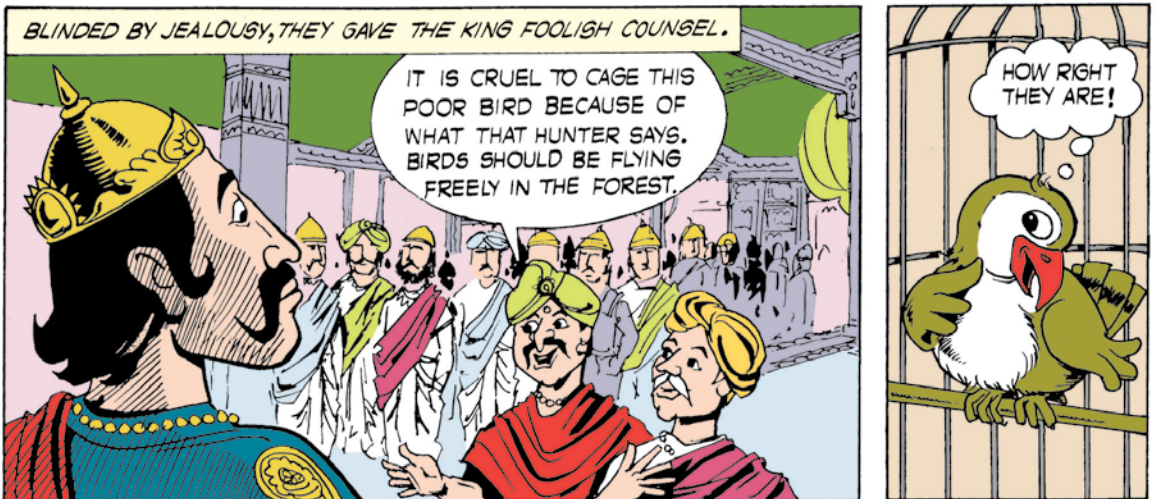
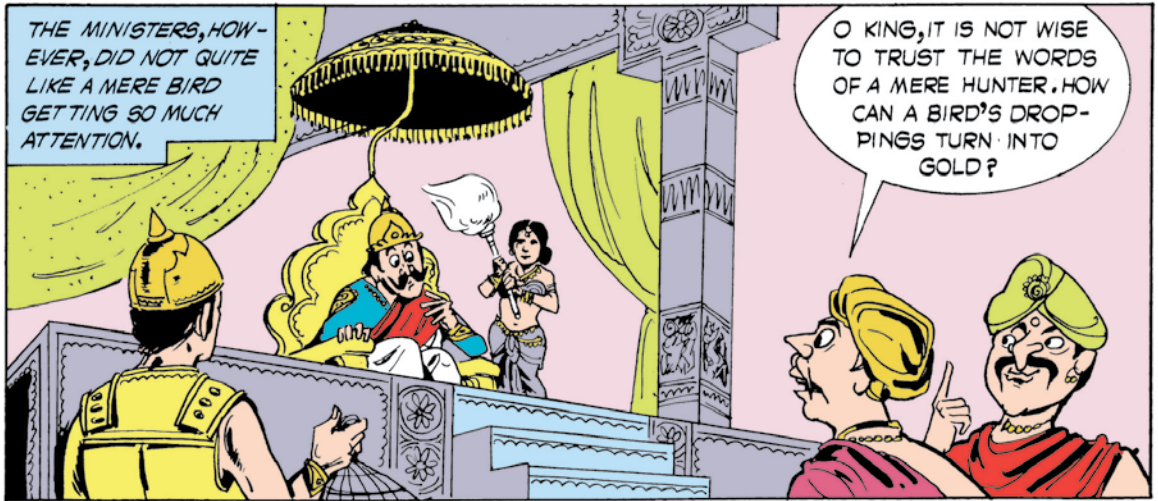
THE BIRD WHO SHED GOLDEN DROPPINGS



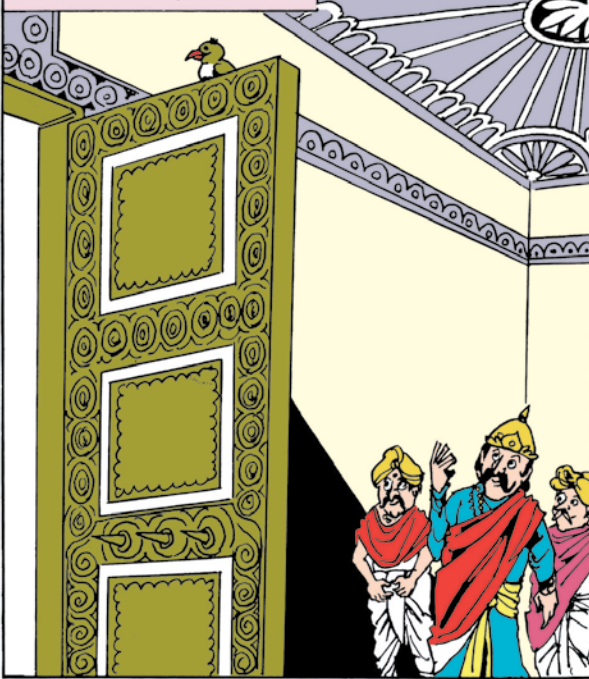








THE DELIGHTED BIRD FLEW TO THE TOP OF THE TALL PALACE GATES...



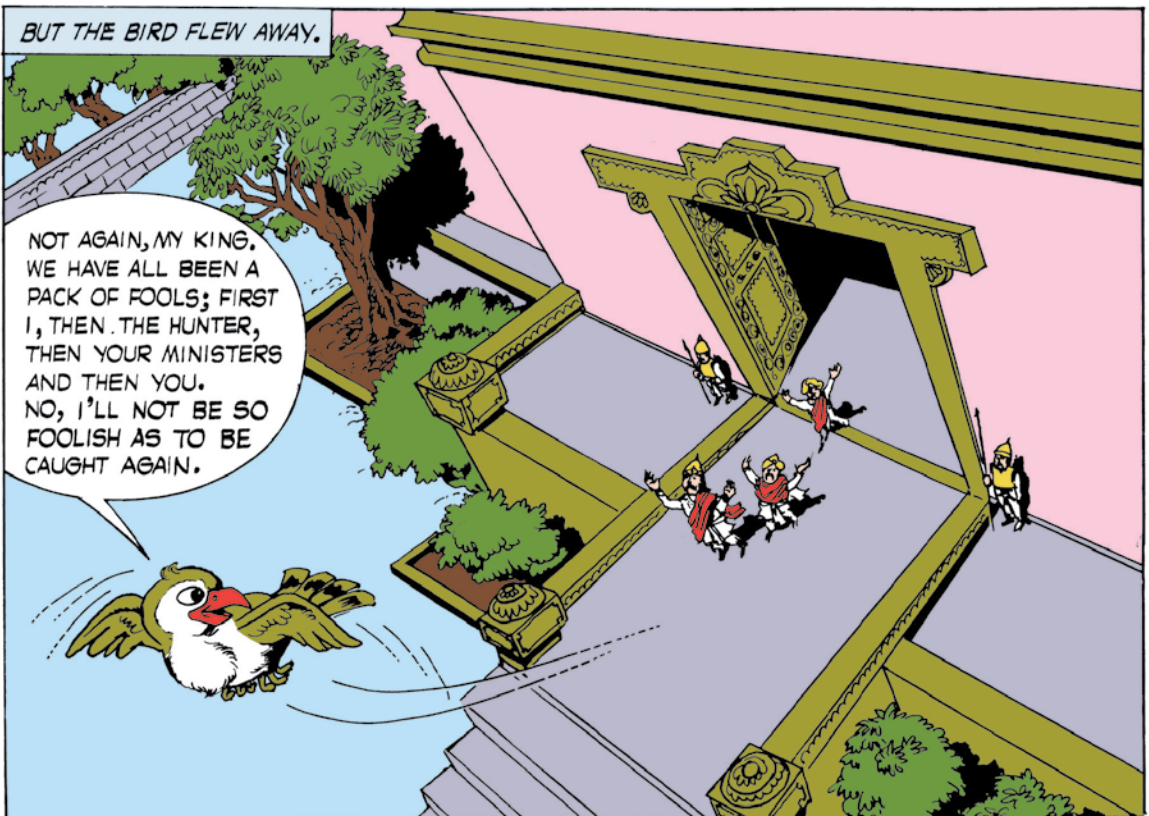
... AND PERCHING HIMSELF THERE, LET FALL HIS DROPPINGS.

WHY! THE DROPPINGS HAVE, INDEED, TURNED TO GOLD! FOOLS THAT WE ARE! QUICK! GET THE BIRD.



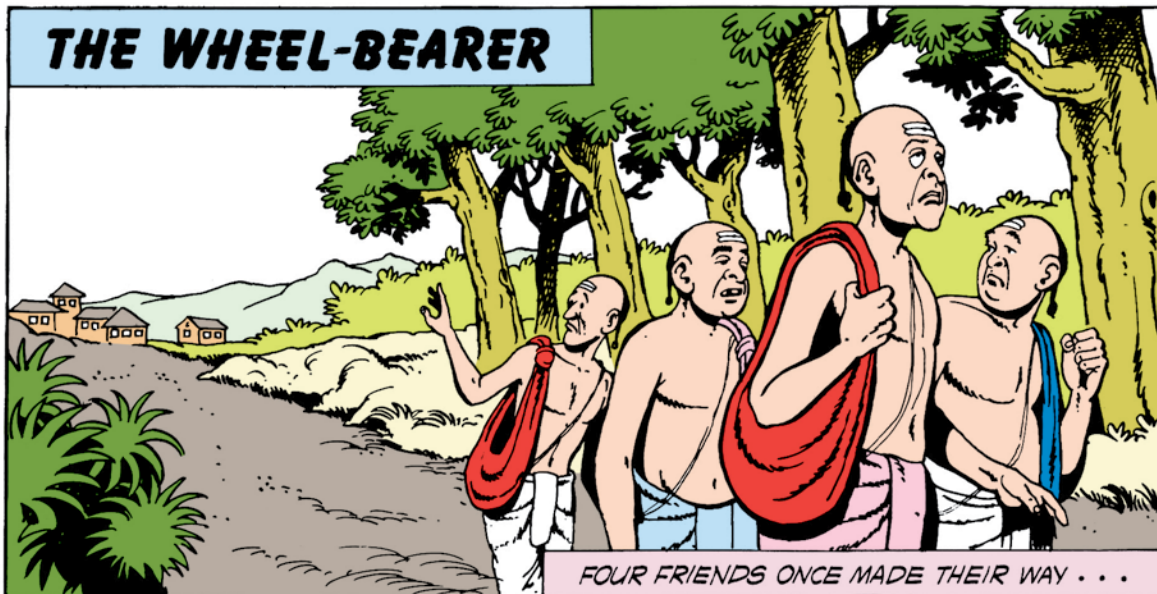
BUT THE BIRD FLEW AWAY.

NOT AGAIN, MY KING. WE HAVE ALL BEEN A PACK OF FOOLS; FIRST I, THEN THE HUNTER, THEN YOUR MINISTERS AND THEN YOU. NO, I'LL NOT BE SO FOOLISH AS TO BE CAUGHT AGAIN.

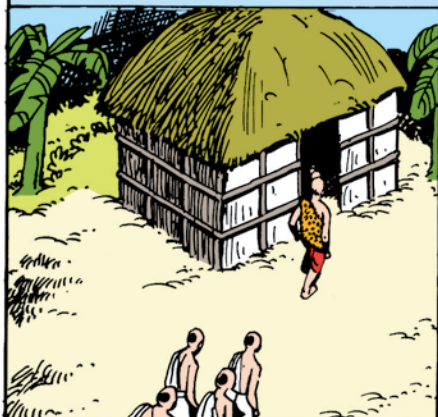


MORAL: ASCERTAIN A FACT BEFORE YOU ACCEPT ANOTHER'S WORD FOR IT.

THE WHEEL-BEARER

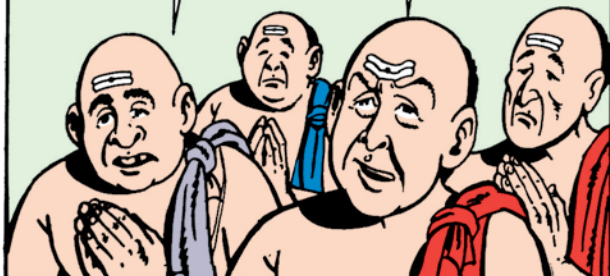


... TO THE REMOTE HERMITAGE OF YOGI BHAIRAVANANDA.

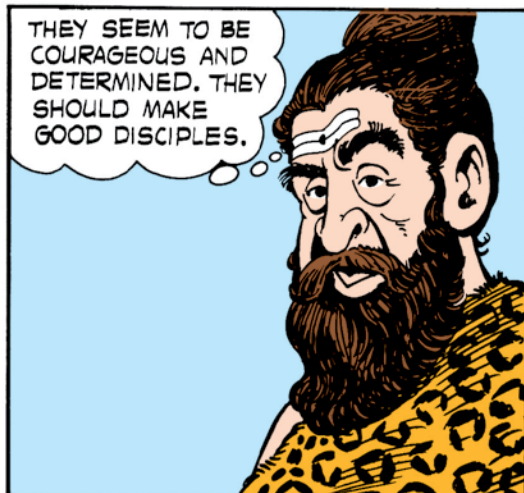


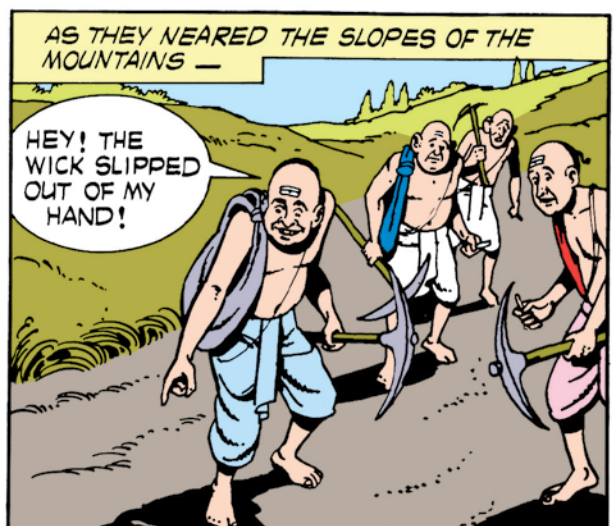
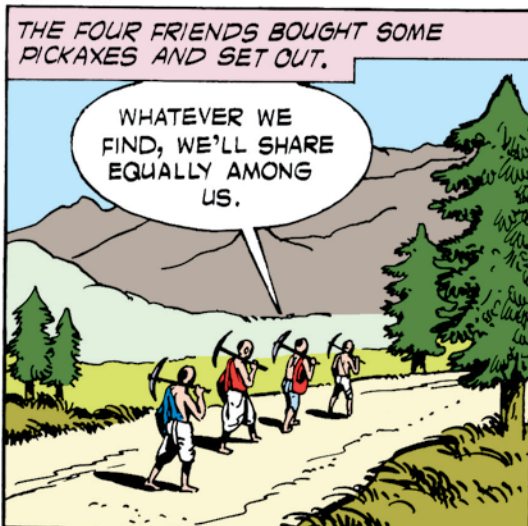
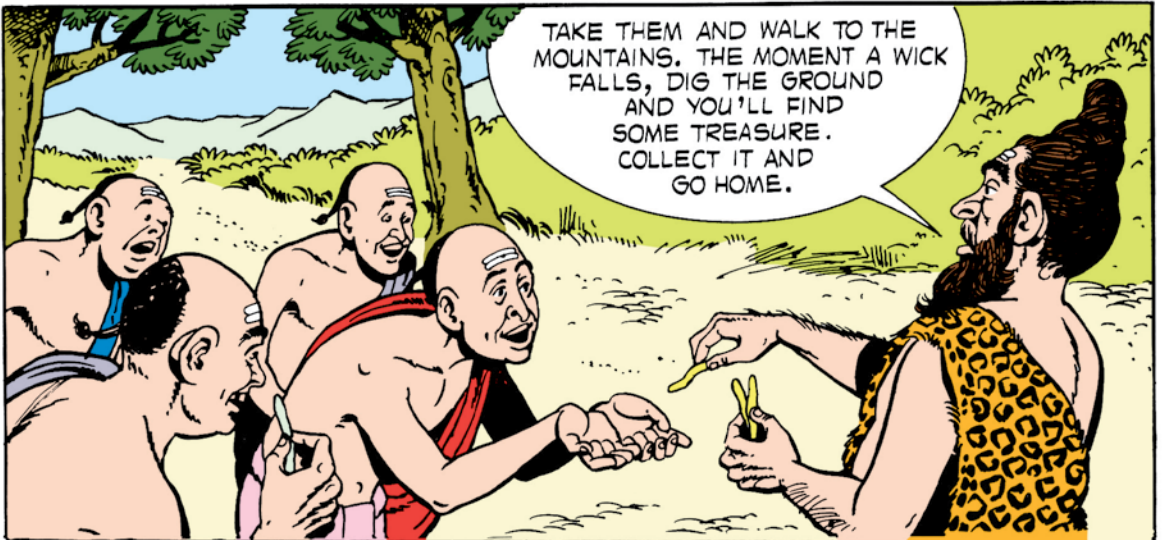
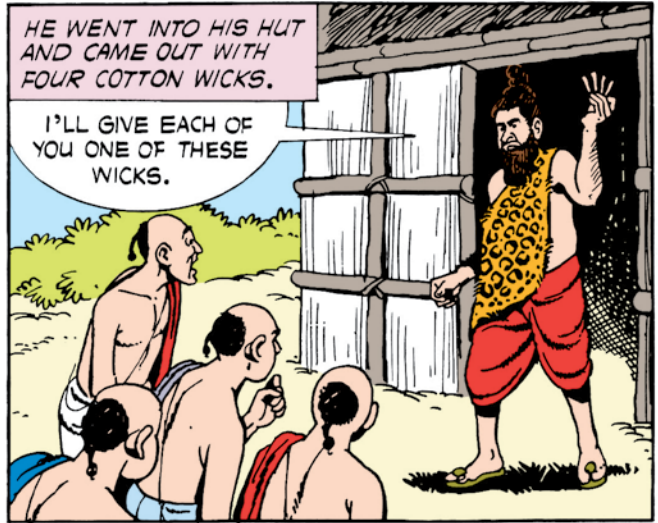
WE HAVE COME OUT OF OUR HOMES TO FIND SOME GOLD OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT.

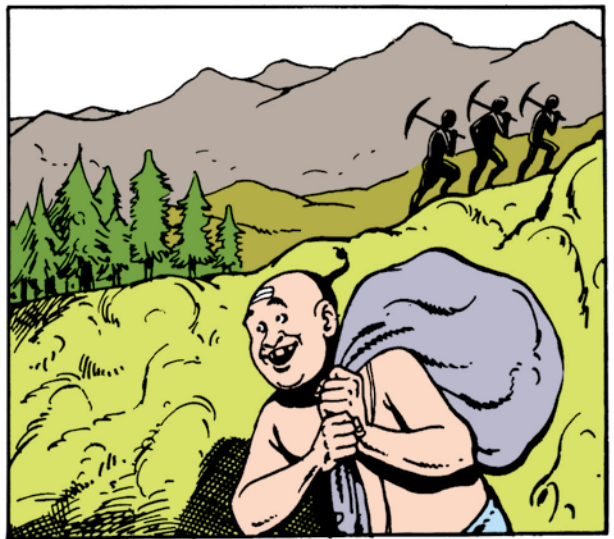
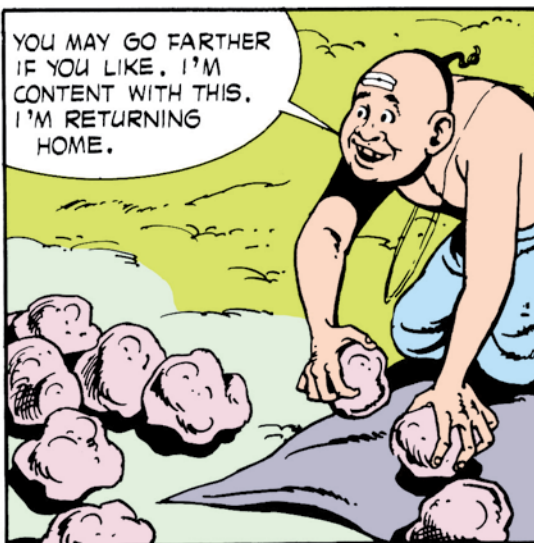
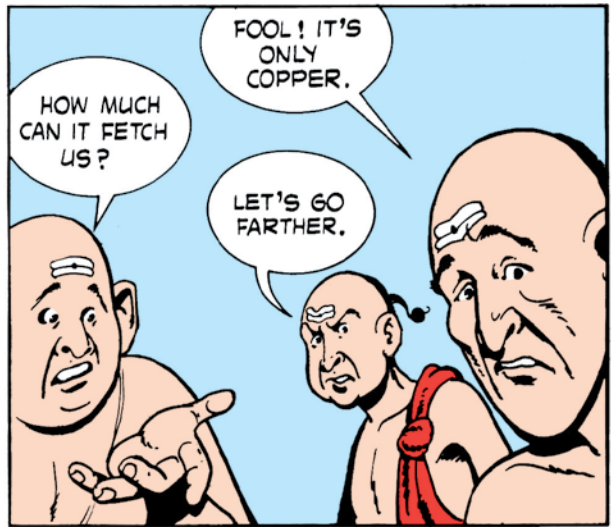
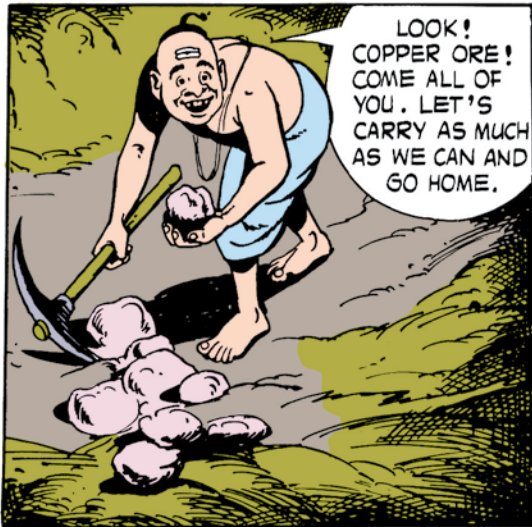
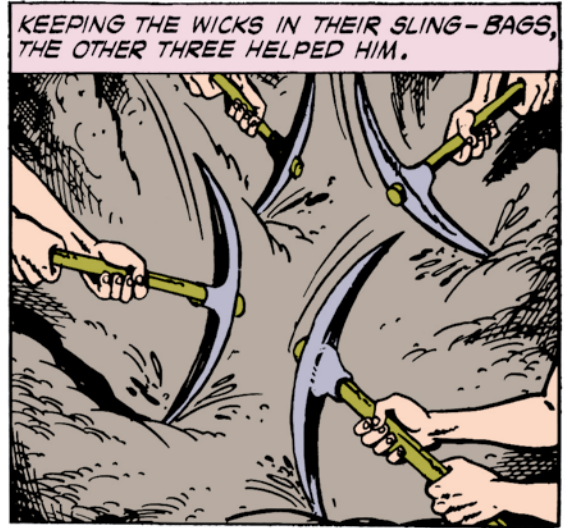
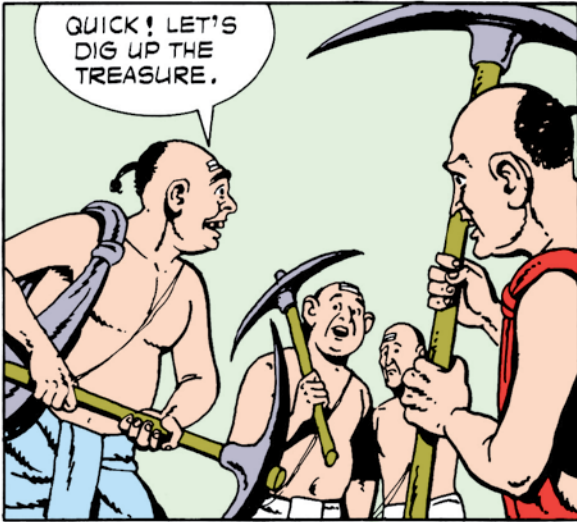
WE ARE CERTAIN THAT WHAT FOOLS CALL FATE OR LUCK IS ONLY THE FRUIT OF SINCERE EFFORT.

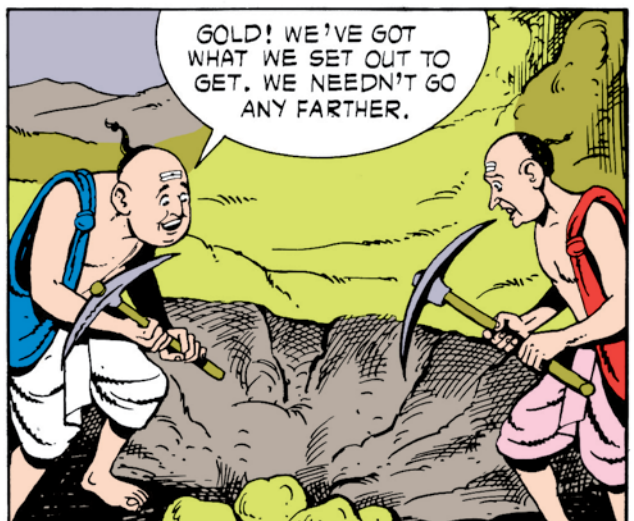
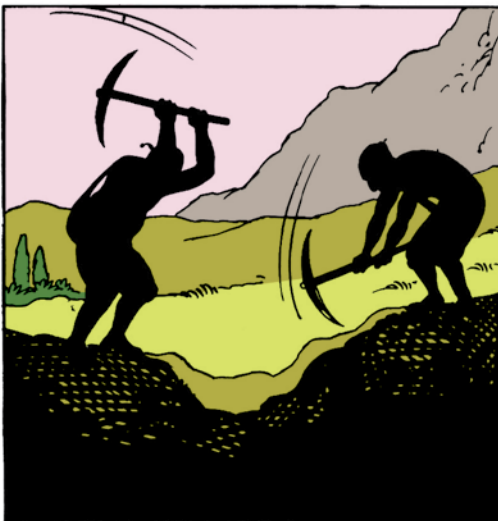
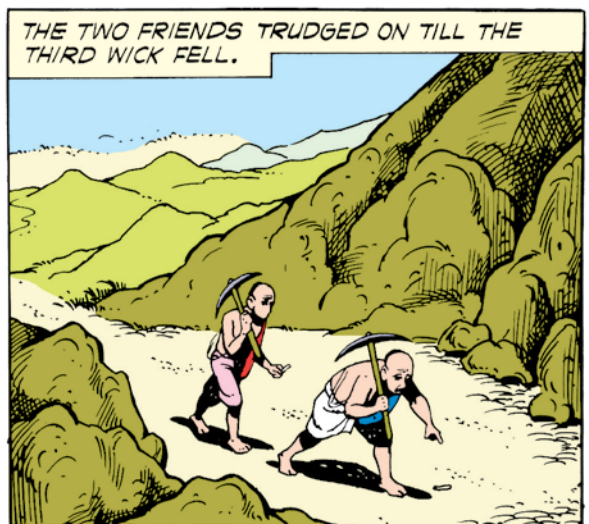
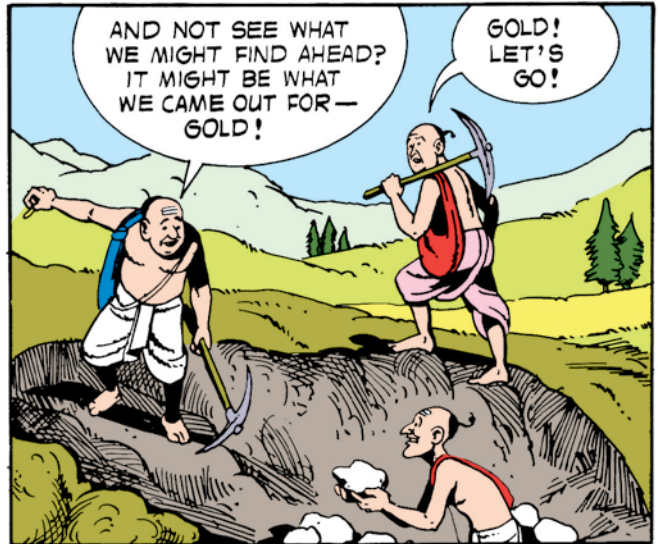


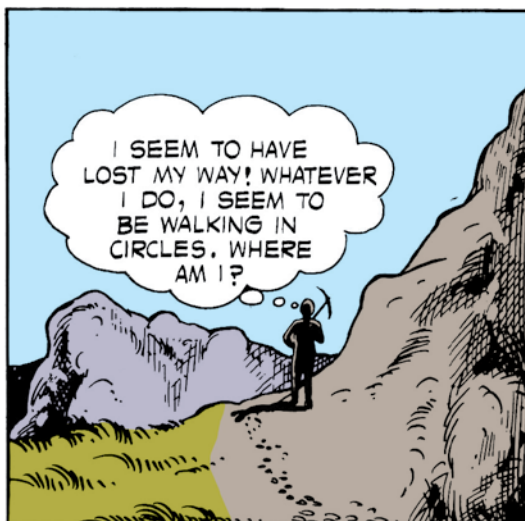
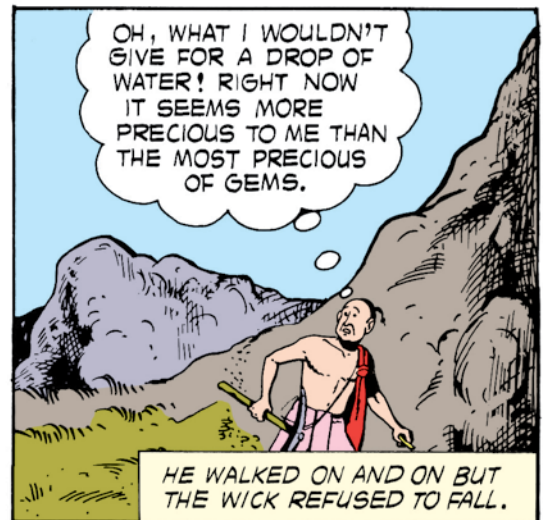
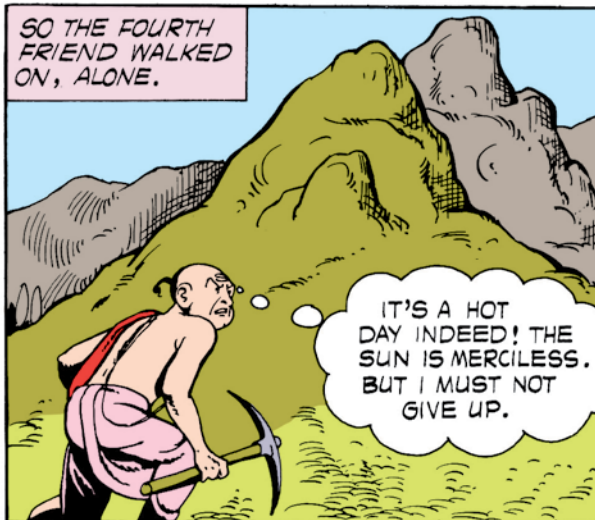
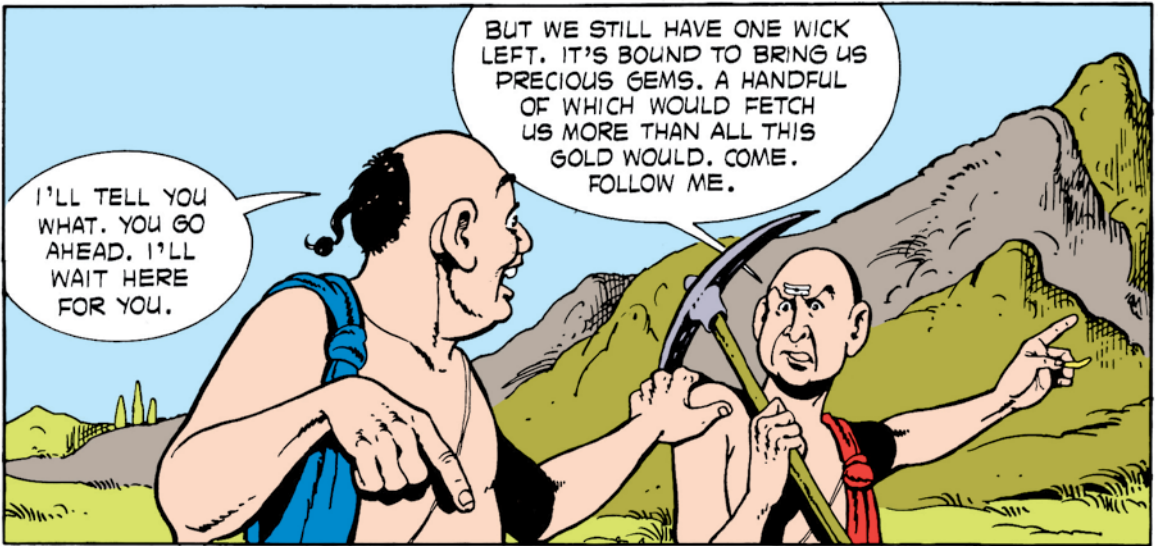
THEY SEEM TO BE COURAGEOUS AND DETERMINED. THEY SHOULD MAKE GOOD DISCIPLES.

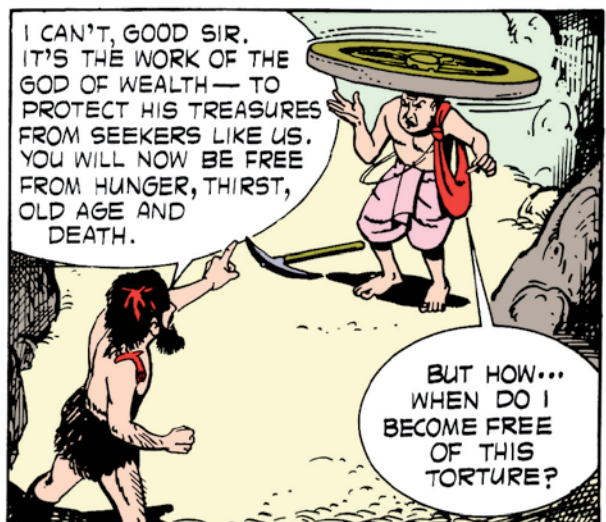
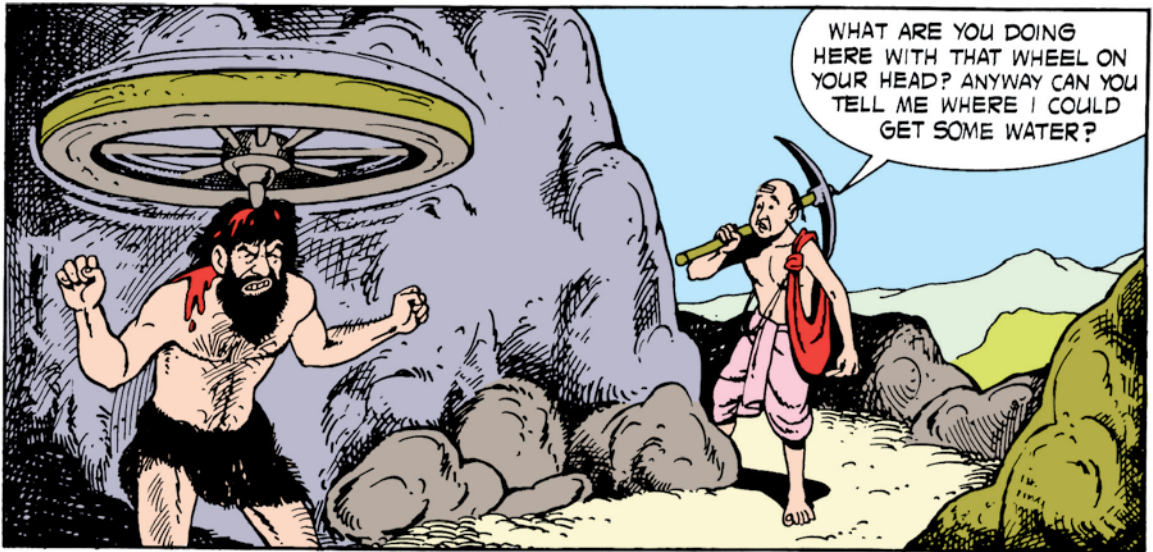


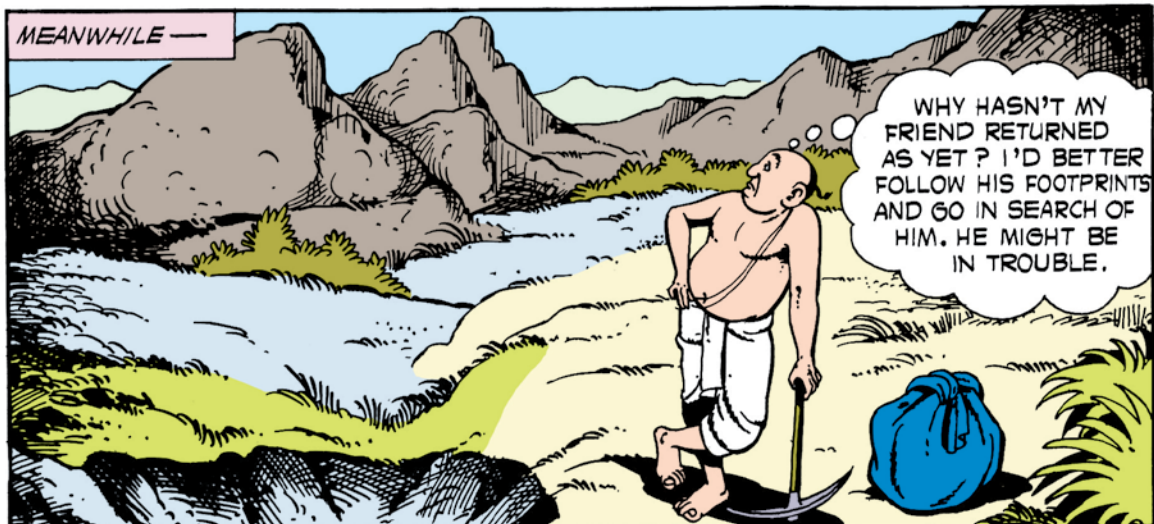
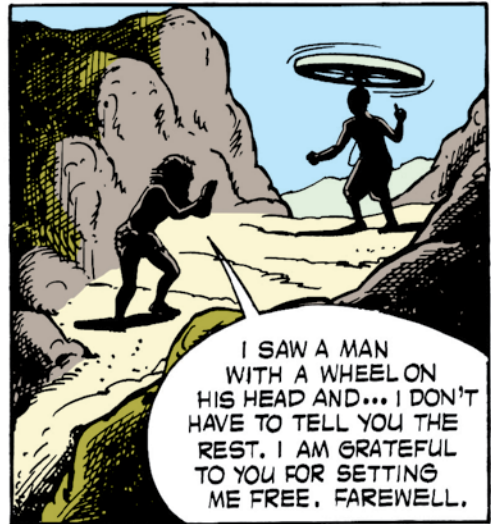
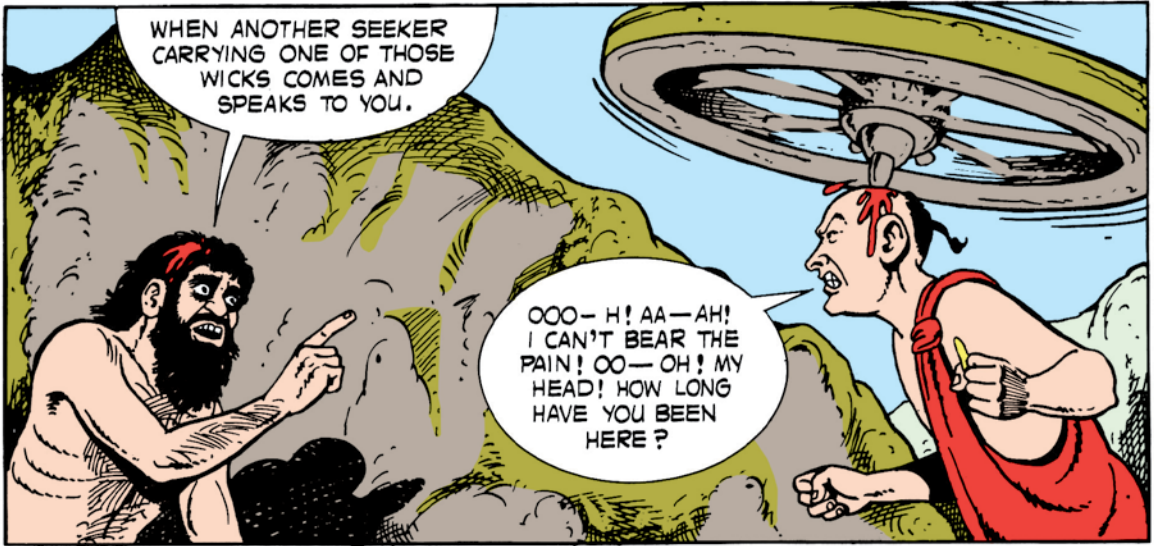




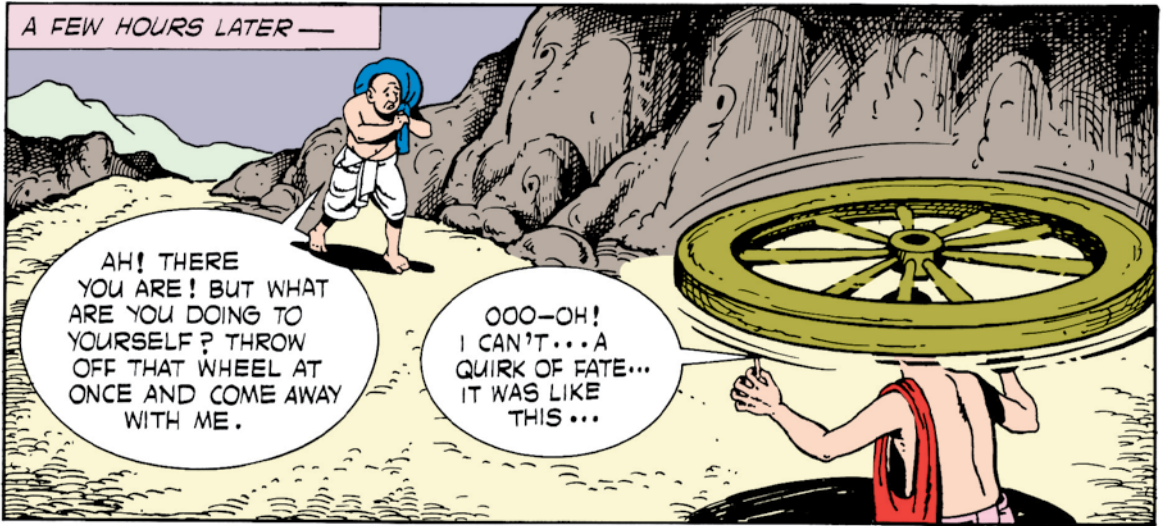








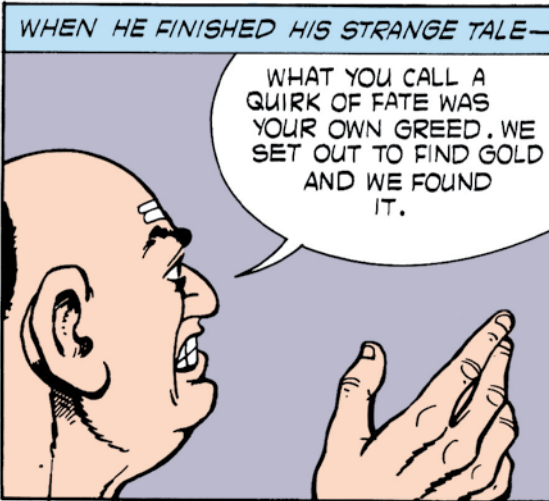
A FEW HOURS LATER —



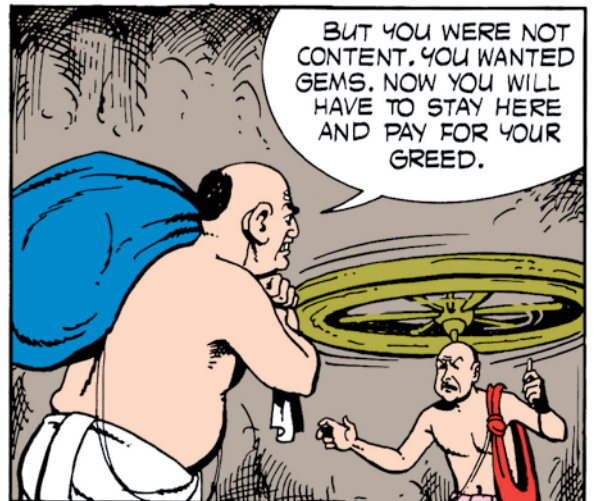
AH! THERE YOU ARE! BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO YOURSELF? THROW OFF THAT WHEEL AT ONCE AND COME AWAY WITH ME.

OOO-OH! I CAN'T... A QUIRK OF FATE... IT WAS LIKE THIS...

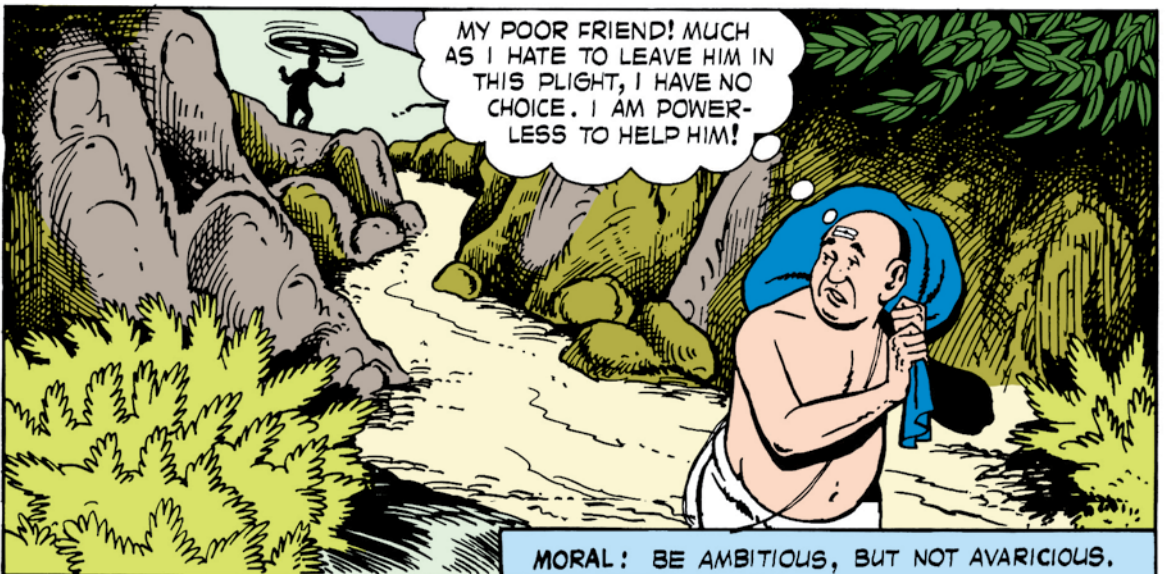
WHEN HE FINISHED HIS STRANGE TALE—



WHAT YOU CALL A QUIRK OF FATE WAS YOUR OWN GREED. WE SET OUT TO FIND GOLD AND WE FOUND IT.



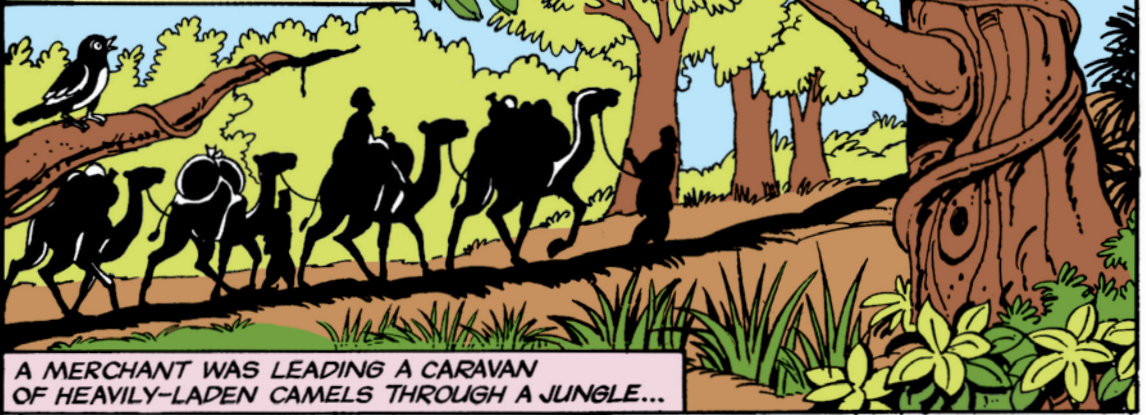
BUT YOU WERE NOT CONTENT. YOU WANTED GEMS. NOW YOU WILL HAVE TO STAY HERE AND PAY FOR YOUR GREED.



MY POOR FRIEND! MUCH AS I HATE TO LEAVE HIM IN THIS PLIGHT, I HAVE NO CHOICE. I AM POWERLESS TO HELP HIM!

MORAL: BE AMBITIOUS, BUT NOT AVARICIOUS.

THE CAMEL WHO WAS BEGUILLED BY HIS COMPANIONS



...WHEN ONE OF THEM, OVERCOME BY FATIGUE, COLLAPSED.

LET US SHIFT HIS LOAD ONTO THE OTHERS AND BE OFF. WE MUST NOT LET THIS LAZY CREATURE DELAY US.



LATER, WHEN THE CAMEL RECOVERED HIS STRENGTH —

THEY HAVE GONE! AND I AM ALONE IN THIS STRANGE JUNGLE.



FORTUNATELY, THERE'S PLENTY OF GRASS HERE. AT LEAST I WON'T STARVE.

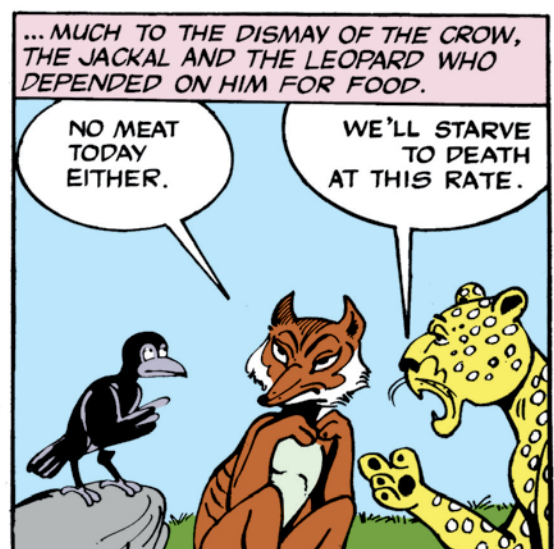
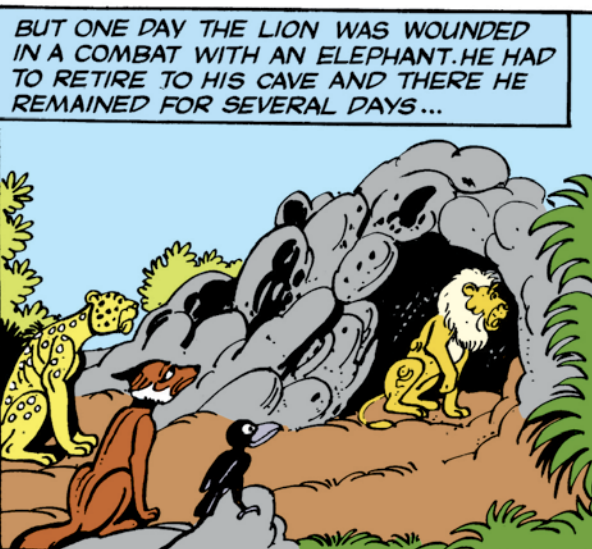
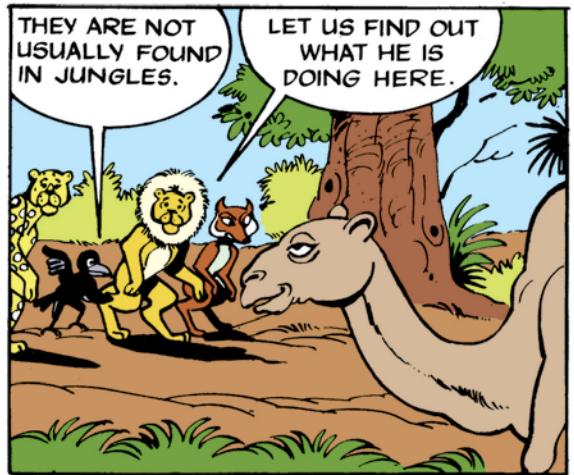
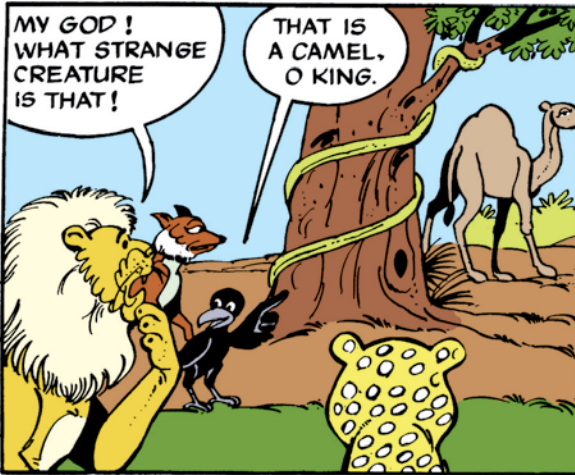


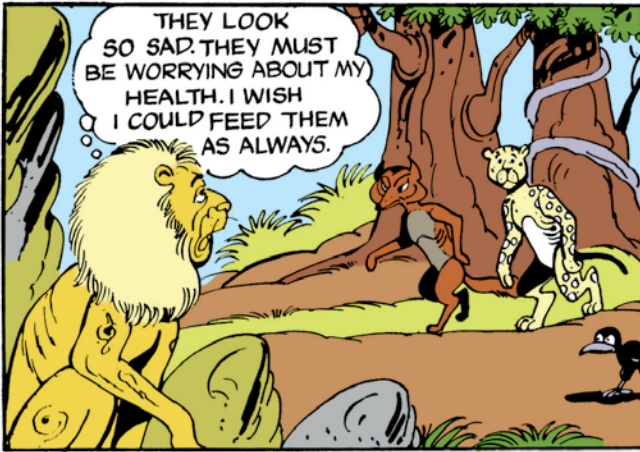
DAYS PASSED AND THE CAMEL SOMEHOW SURVIVED THE PERILS OF THE JUNGLE.

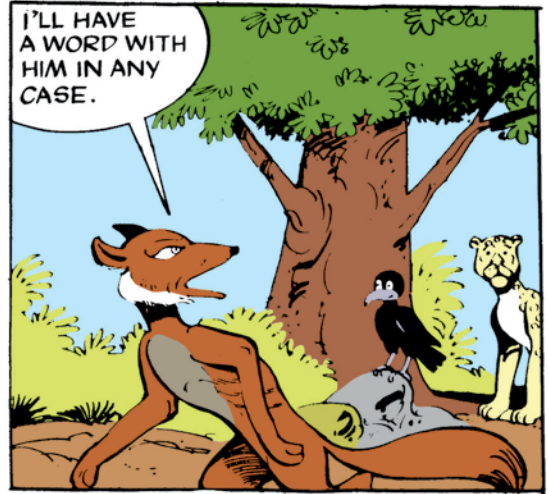
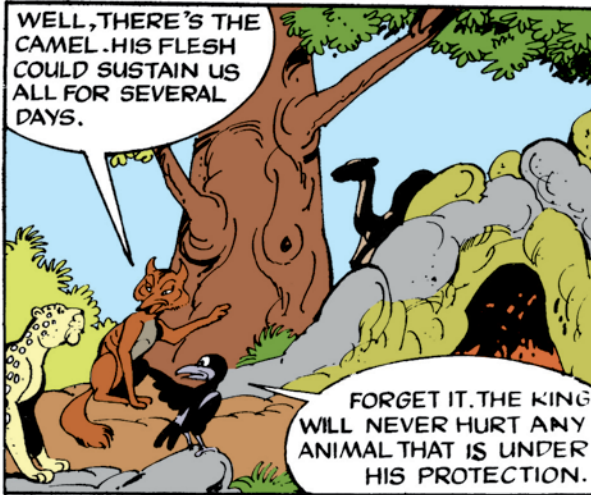


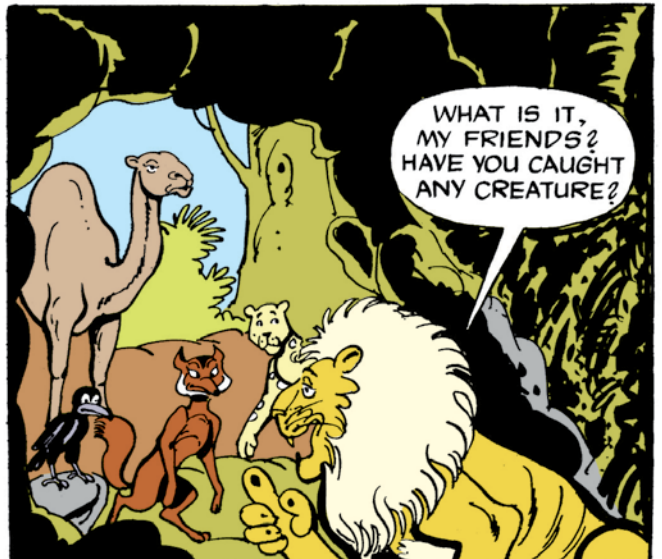
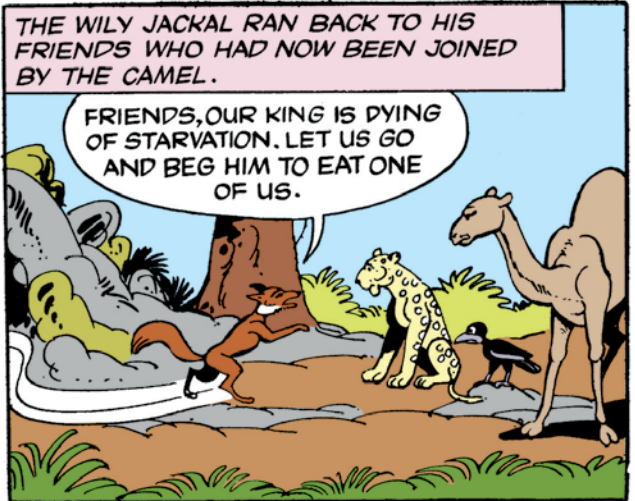
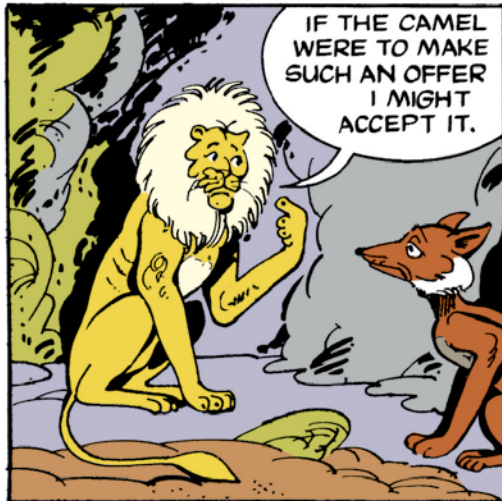
THEN ONE DAY, A LION FOLLOWED BY A LEOPARD, A JACKAL AND A CROW, CAME BY.

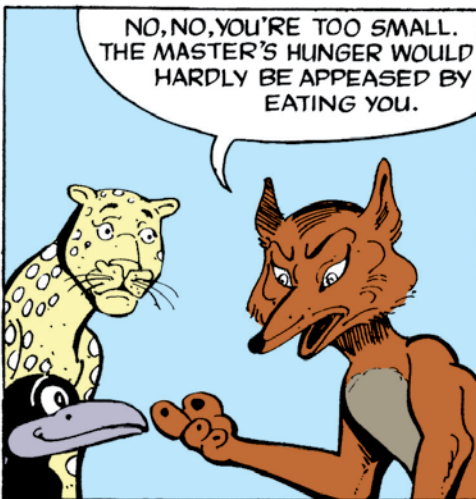
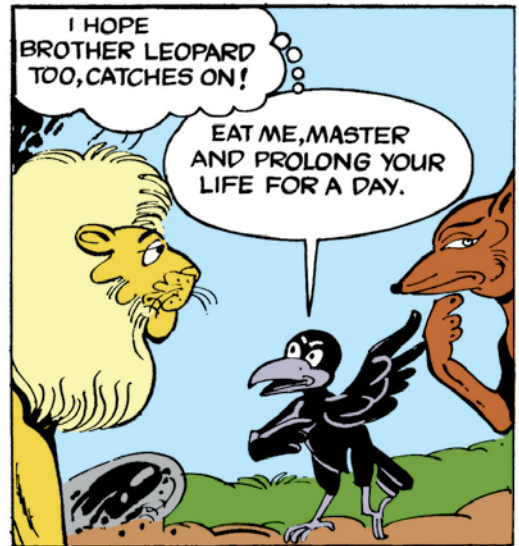


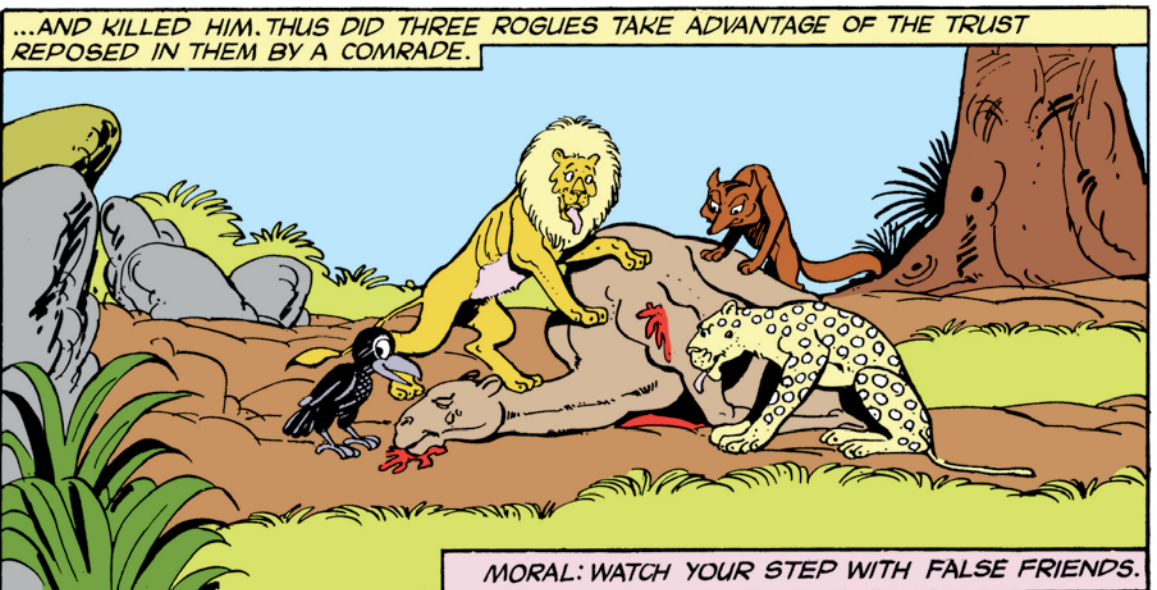
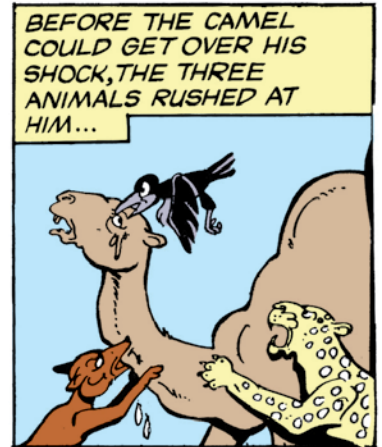
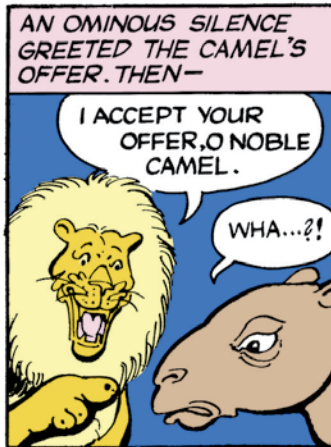
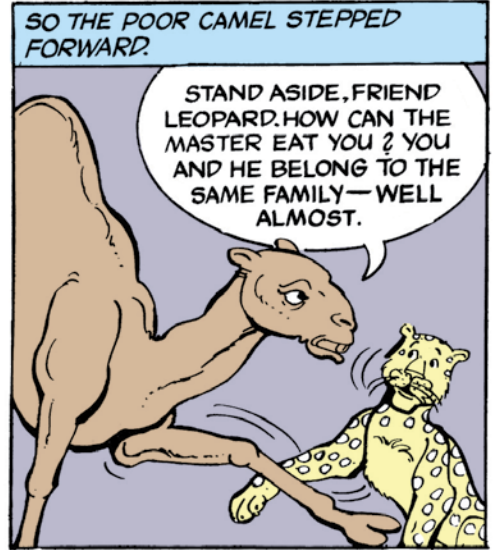








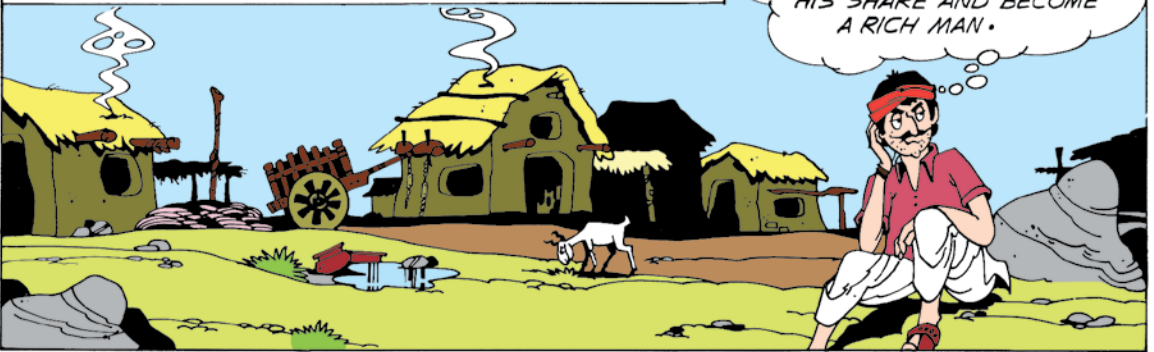




DHARMABUDDHI AND PAPABUDDHI.

IN A CERTAIN VILLAGE THERE ONCE LIVED TWO FRIENDS CALLED DHARMABUDDHI AND PAPABUDDHI. PAPABUDDHI WAS A DISHONEST MAN.

IF I CAN GET DHARMABUDDHI TO START SOME BUSINESS WITH ME, I CAN CHEAT HIM OF HIS SHARE AND BECOME A RICH MAN.



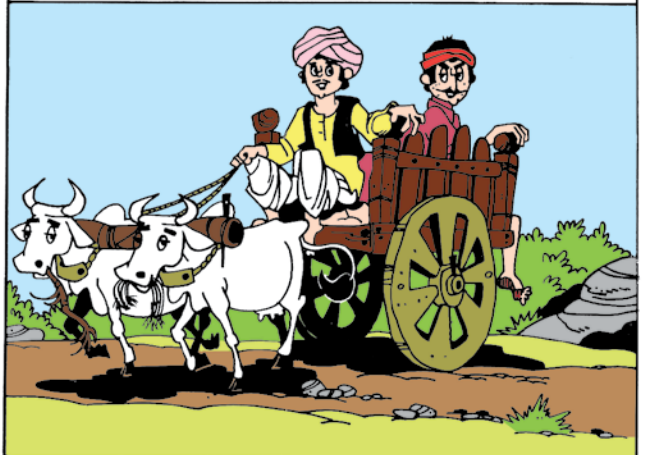
SO HE WENT TO DHARMABUDDHI.

FRIEND, I HAVE AN IDEA. LET US GO OUT INTO THE WORLD AND MAKE SOME MONEY.

WHY NOT?



SO THEY SET OFF TOWARDS THE NEAREST TOWN.



THEY SOON MADE A LOT OF MONEY AND WERE ON THEIR WAY BACK HOME. SUDDENLY PAPABUDDHI ASKED HIS FRIEND TO HALT.

A THOUGHT JUST STRUCK ME. IT IS NOT SAFE TO TAKE ALL THE MONEY BACK WITH US. LET US TAKE ONLY A SMALL SUM AND BURY THE REST HERE.

QUITE RIGHT. LET'S.

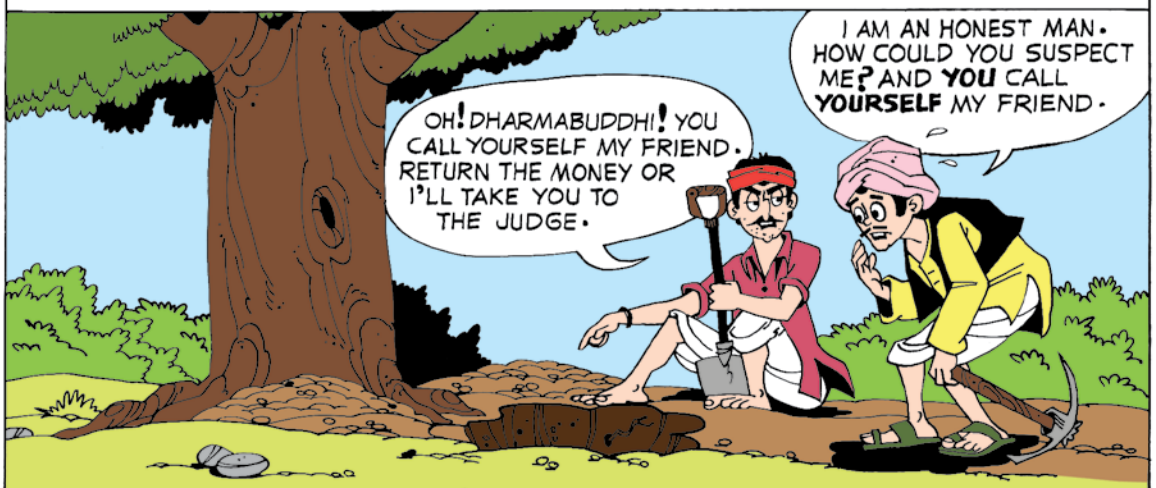




THE NEXT DAY PAPABUDDHI WENT TO DHARMABUDDHI'S HOUSE .



SO OFF THEY WENT. BUT WHEN THEY DUG UP THE PIT, THE POT OF MONEY WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.



QUARRELLING ALL THE WAY, THEY WENT TO THE JUDGE.



THIS MAN HAS STOLEN THE MONEY. THE FOREST GOD IS MY WITNESS. HE WILL SPEAK THE TRUTH.

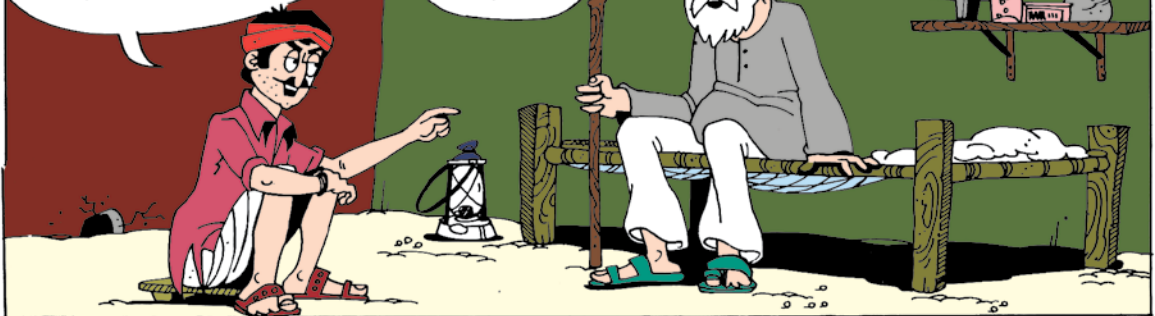
ALL RIGHT. WE WILL GO TO THE FOREST TOMORROW.



PAPABUDDHI WENT STRAIGHT HOME TO HIS FATHER.

FATHER, I HAVE STOLEN DHARMABUDDHI'S MONEY. YOU WILL HAVE TO DO AS I SAY IF I AM TO ESCAPE.

I'LL DO AS YOU WANT ME TO, MY SON.



THE NEXT MORNING DHARMABUDDHI, PAPABUDDHI, THE JUDGE AND THE VILLAGE ELDERS WENT UP TO WHERE THE MONEY HAD BEEN BURIED.

O TREE GOD. TELL US WHO THE THIEF IS!

DHARMABUDDHI IS THE THIEF.



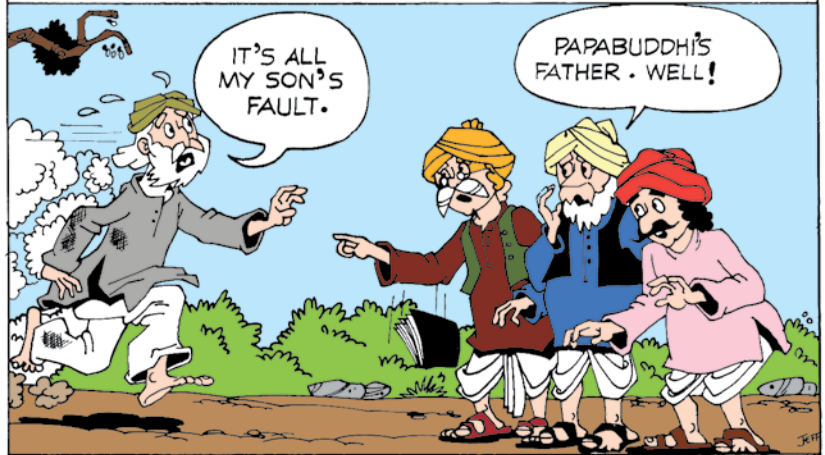
WHILE THE OTHERS WERE BUSY DISCUSSING THE CASE, DHARMABUDDHI WAS BUSY COLLECTING DRIED LEAVES AND TWIGS. THESE HE PLACED NEAR THE HOLLOW OF THE TREE AND ---



... SET THEM ALIGHT.



AS THE FIRE ROSE INTO THE HOLLOW, OUT RAN PAPABUDDHI'S FATHER.

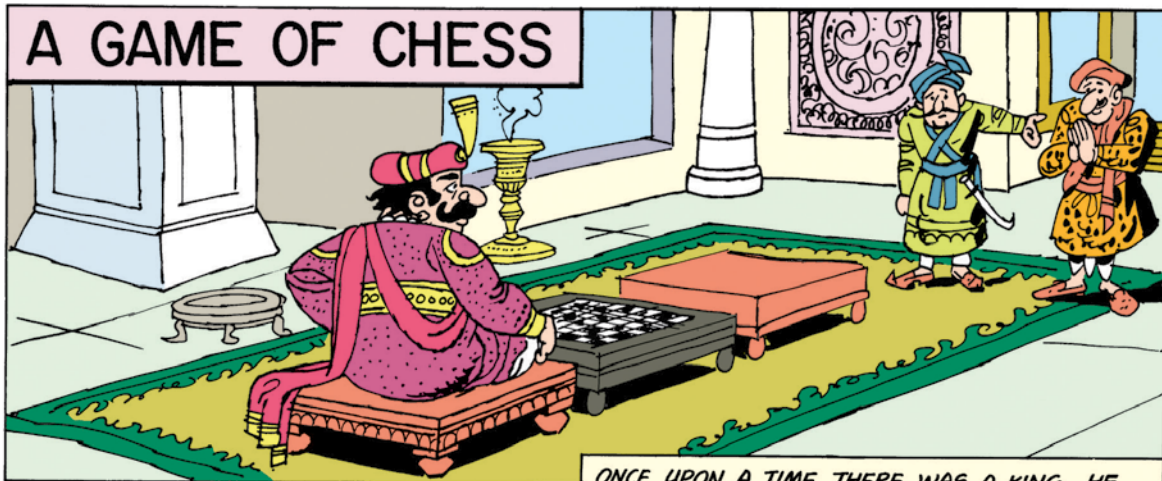


THE JUDGE UNDERSTOOD ALL AND WAS ANGRY.



MORAL : HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

A GAME OF CHESS



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A KING. HE WAS A DESPOT AND HE HAD A STRANGE METHOD OF ACQUIRING SLAVES.

ANYBODY WHO NEEDED HIS HELP HAD TO PLAY A GAME OF CHESS WITH HIM.



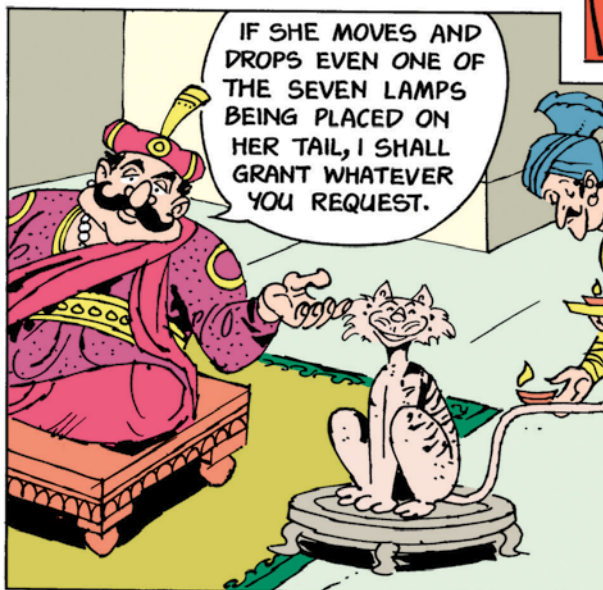
I AM NOT VERY GOOD AT THIS GAME, YOUR MAJESTY.

THAT DOESN'T MATTER.



IT'S NOT YOUR SKILL, BUT THIS CAT'S THAT WILL DECIDE THE OUTCOME OF THE GAME.

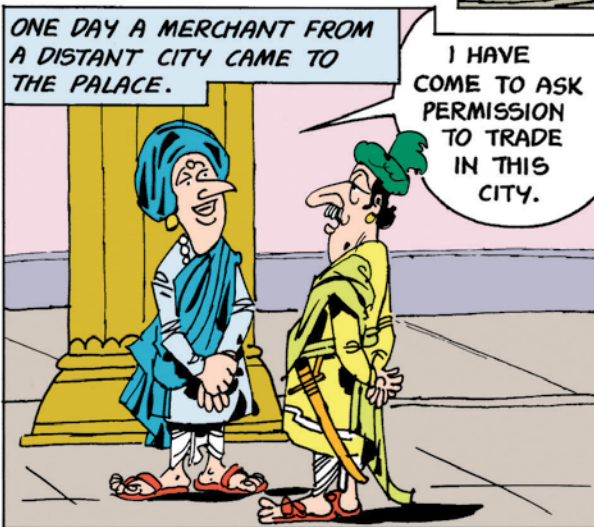
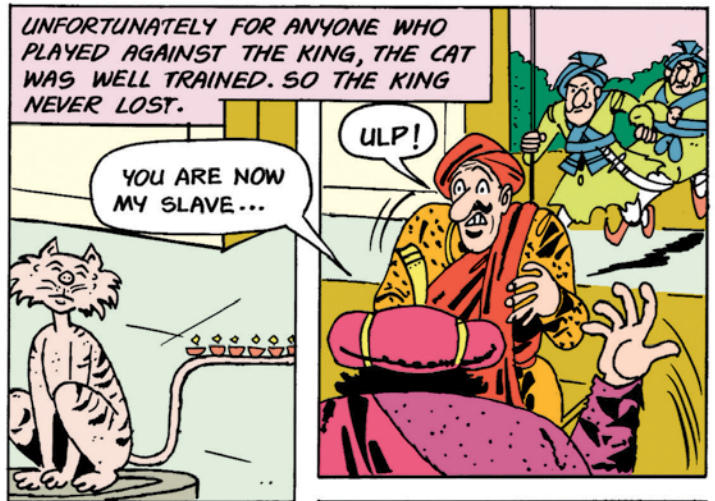
CAT ?

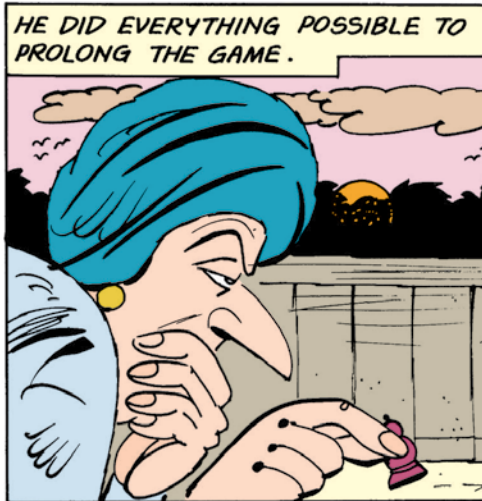
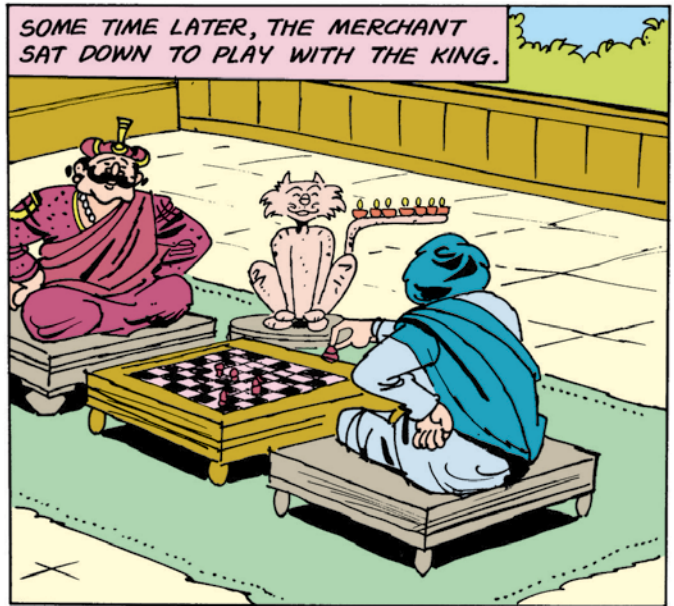


IF SHE MOVES AND DROPS EVEN ONE OF THE SEVEN LAMPS BEING PLACED ON HER TAIL, I SHALL GRANT WHATEVER YOU REQUEST.

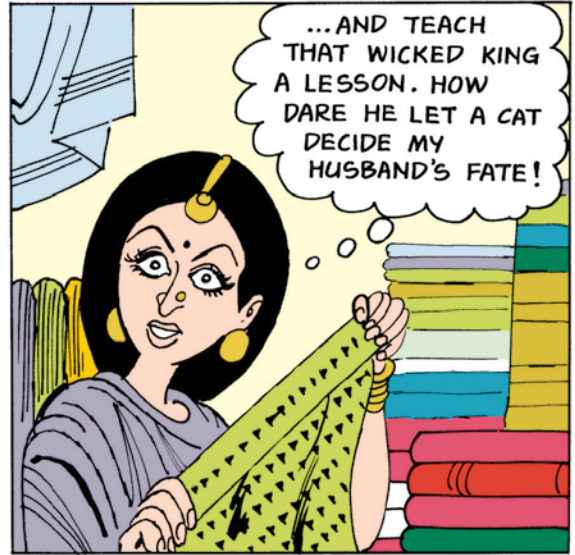


BUT IF SHE SHOULD SIT WITHOUT MOVING TILL THE END OF THE GAME, YOU SHALL BECOME MY SLAVE.

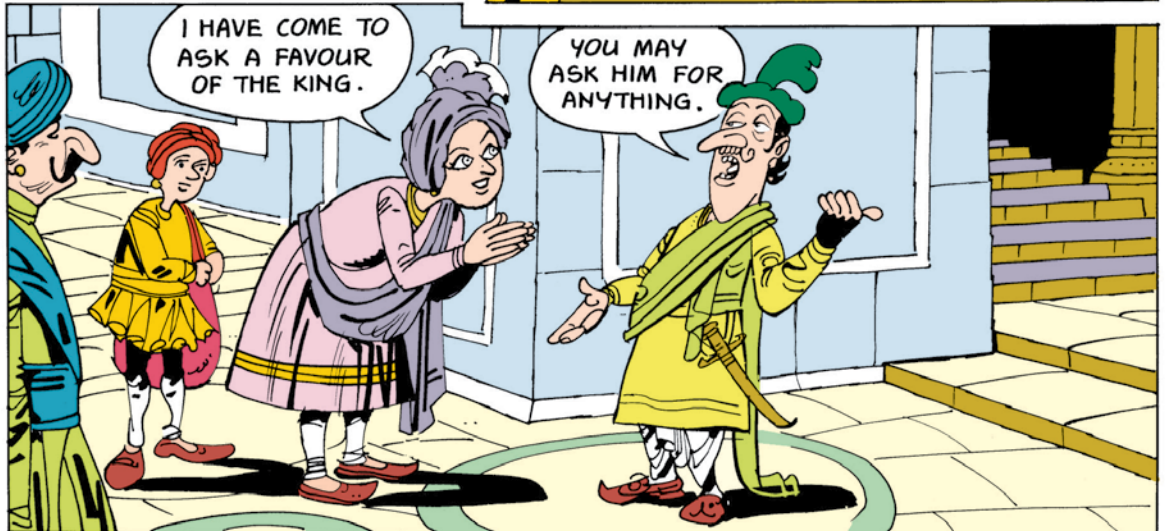
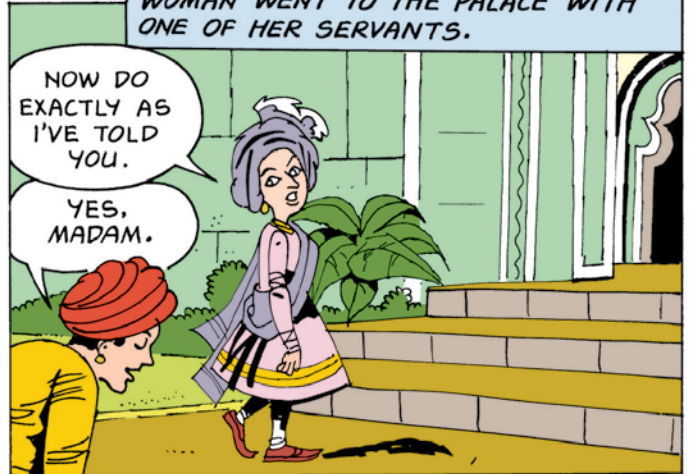


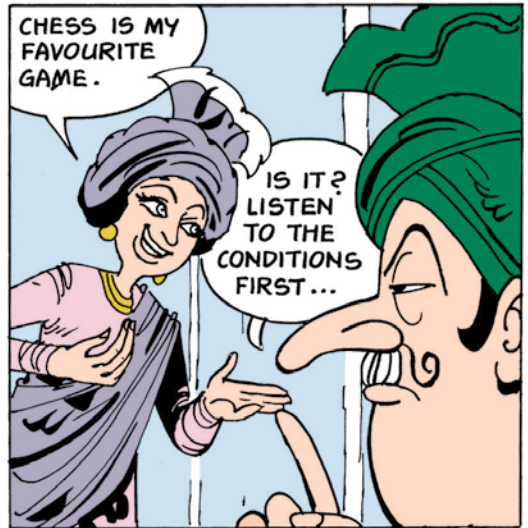


THE MERCHANT'S WIFE WAS A BRAVE AND CLEVER WOMAN. WHEN SHE GOT THE NEWS OF HER HUSBAND'S MISFORTUNE —

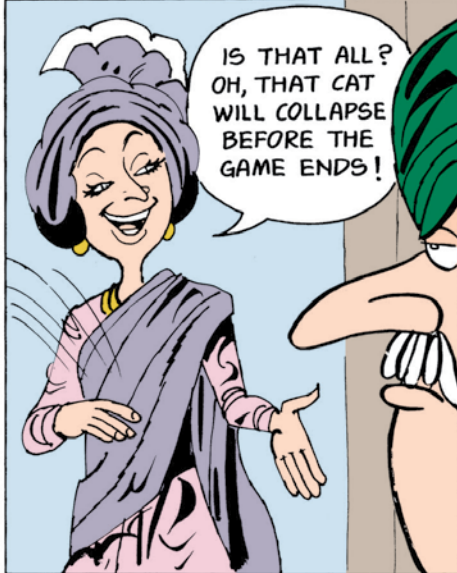


DRESSING HERSELF UP AS A MAN, THE WOMAN WENT TO THE PALACE WITH ONE OF HER SERVANTS.

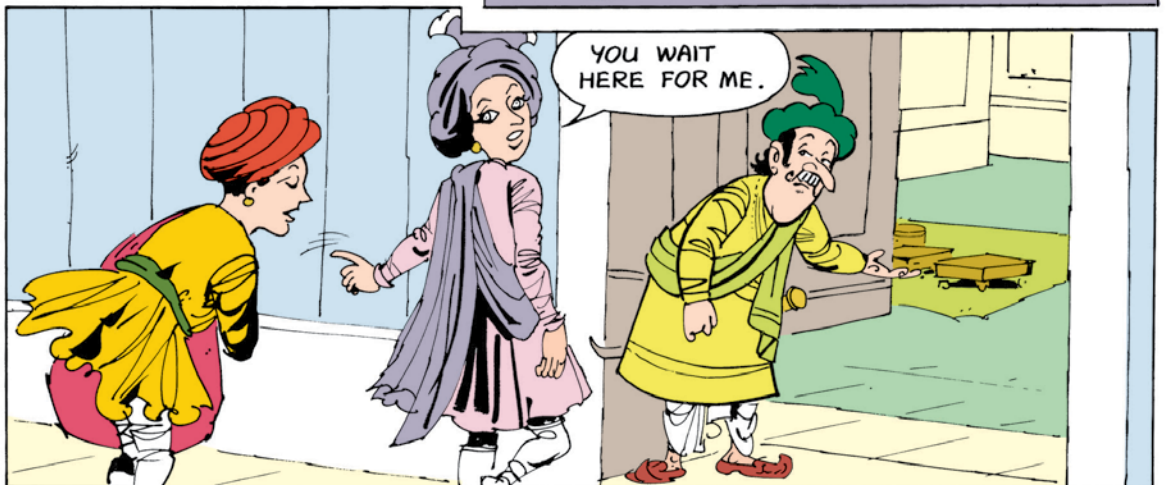
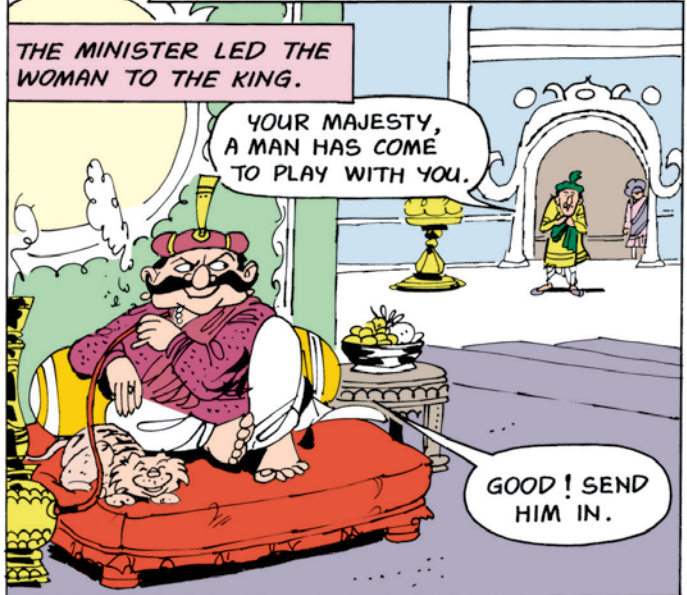




WHEN THE MINISTER HAD EXPLAINED THE CONDITIONS —



THE MINISTER LED THE WOMAN TO THE KING.

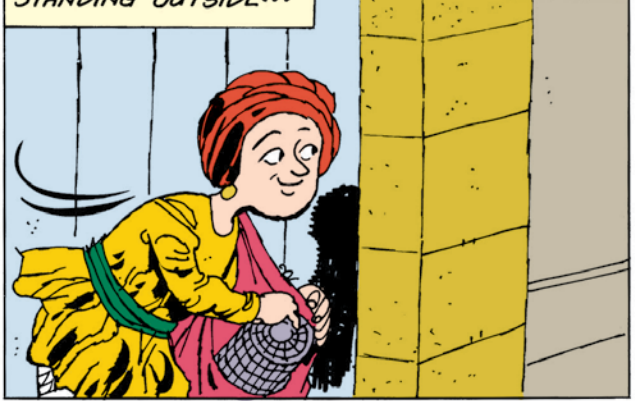


THE GAME BEGAN . THE KING PLAYED CONFIDENTLY .

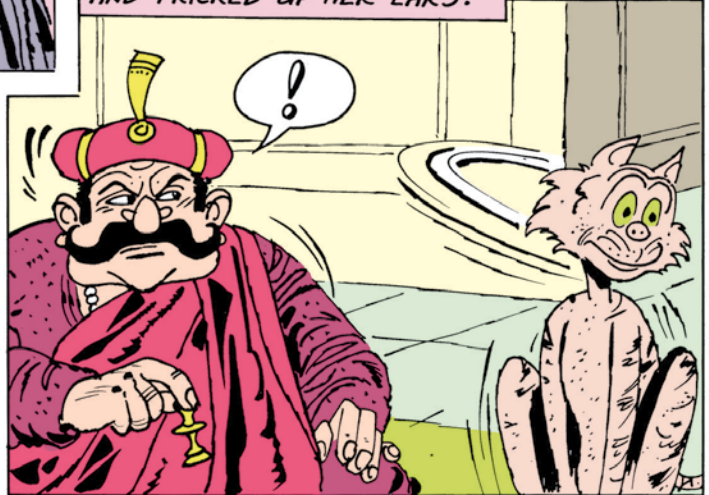
THIS MAN TOO WILL SOON BE MY SLAVE .



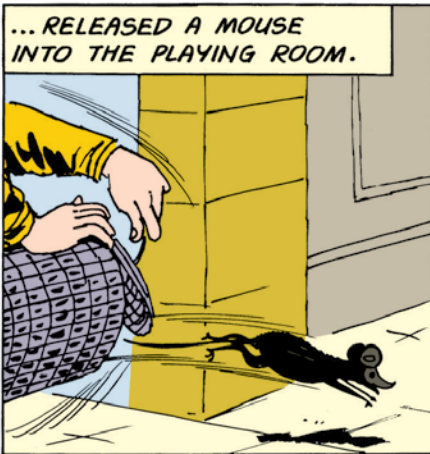
AFTER SOME TIME , THE SERVANT WHO WAS STANDING OUTSIDE...



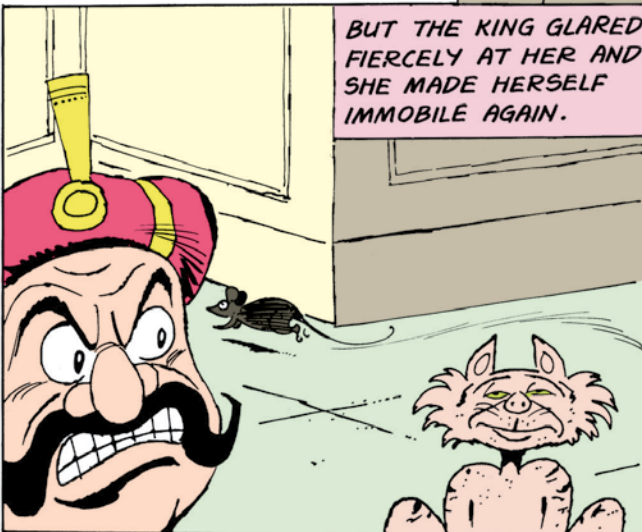
ON SEEING THE MOUSE , THE CAT STIFFENED AND PRICKED UP HER EARS .



... RELEASED A MOUSE INTO THE PLAYING ROOM .



BUT THE KING GLARED FIERCELY AT HER AND SHE MADE HERSELF IMMOBILE AGAIN .



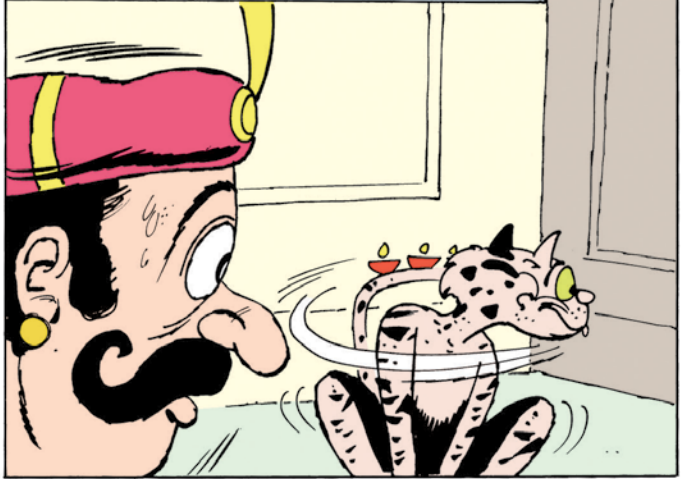
A LITTLE LATER , THE SERVANT LET OUT ANOTHER MOUSE .



AGAIN THE CAT MOVED RESTLESSLY ...

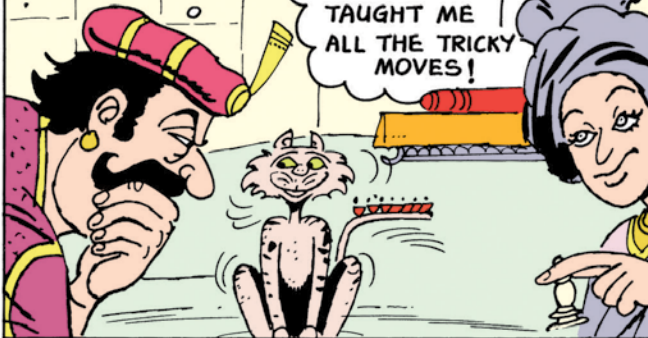


...AND ALMOST DROPPED A LAMP.



I'D BETTER END THE GAME FAST. SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THAT CAT TODAY.

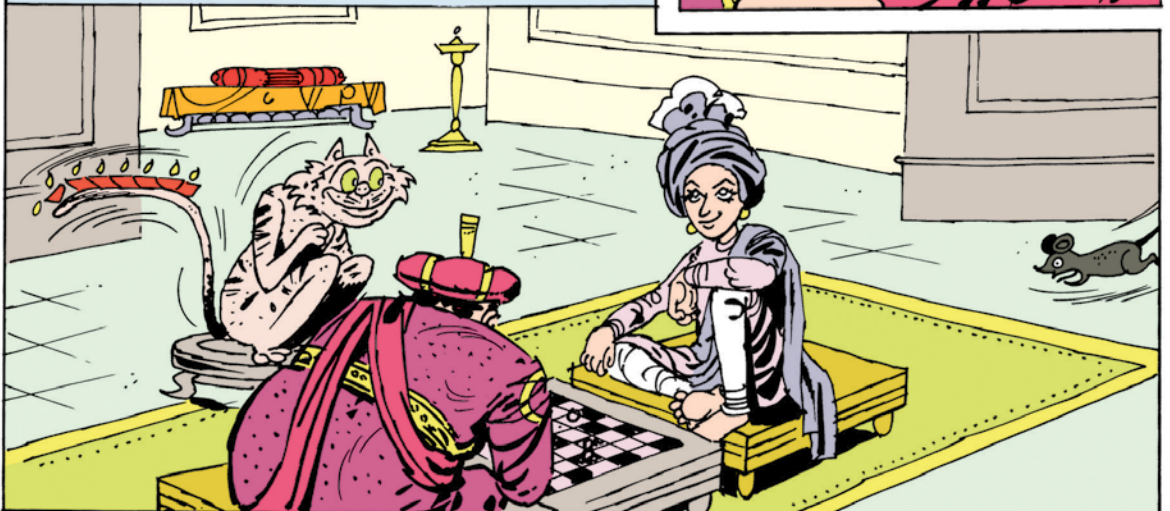
THE KING IS DESPERATE. NOW I MUST BE ALERT. THANK GOD MY HUSBAND TAUGHT ME ALL THE TRICKY MOVES!



AS THE KING TRIED FRANTICALLY TO FINISH THE GAME ...



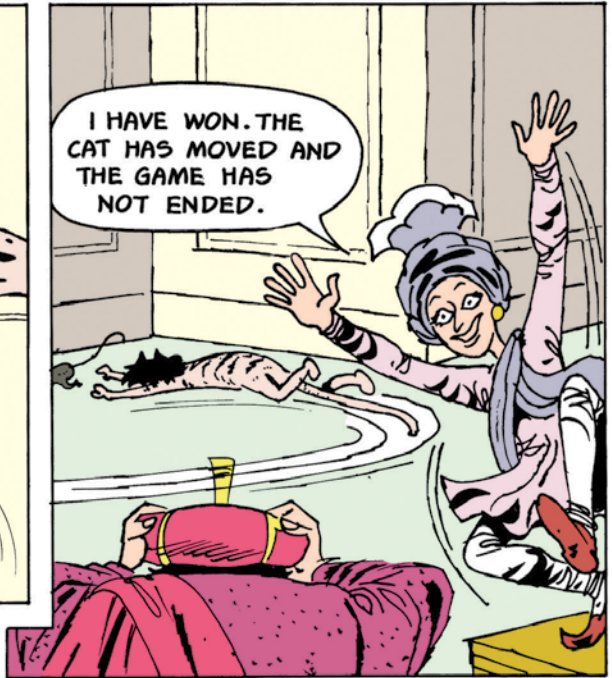
... THE SERVANT LET OUT A THIRD MOUSE.



THIS TIME THE CAT COULD NOT RESTRAIN HERSELF. SHE JUMPED FORWARD, UPSETTING ALL THE LAMPS.



I HAVE WON. THE CAT HAS MOVED AND THE GAME HAS NOT ENDED.

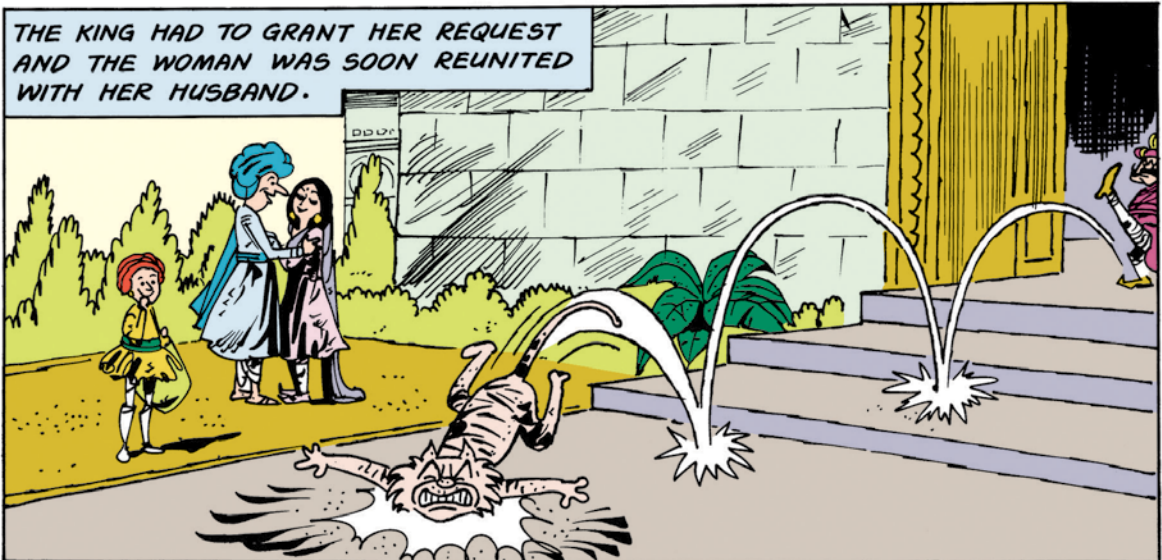


WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

I WANT YOU TO RELEASE ALL THE MEN YOU HAVE ENSLAVED.



THE KING HAD TO GRANT HER REQUEST AND THE WOMAN WAS SOON REUNITED WITH HER HUSBAND.





UNCLE PAI'S FOLKTALE COLLECTION

Once upon a time, a man happened to watch a quiz competition on a television screen at a shop. The contestants' lack of knowledge about Indian stories concerned him. The concern translated into an idea and that idea, into a legacy. The man was Anant Pai and today his brainchild, Amar Chitra Katha, has become an inseparable part of Indian culture, while his other creation, Tinkle, continues to be a staple in the lives of young Indians.

On Uncle Pai Day, Amar Chitra Katha and Tinkle present Uncle Pai's Folktale Collection, a handpicked selection of 16 witty folktales from our existing titles. The collection is everything Uncle Pai had hoped for his books to be – entertaining, educating and truly Indian.

